The RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

. 28, NO. 4

APRIL, 1941

NEW SERIAL

Beginning with this issue—

"The Merry-Go-Round"

by

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

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The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the
Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 28 APRIL, 1941 No. 4

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

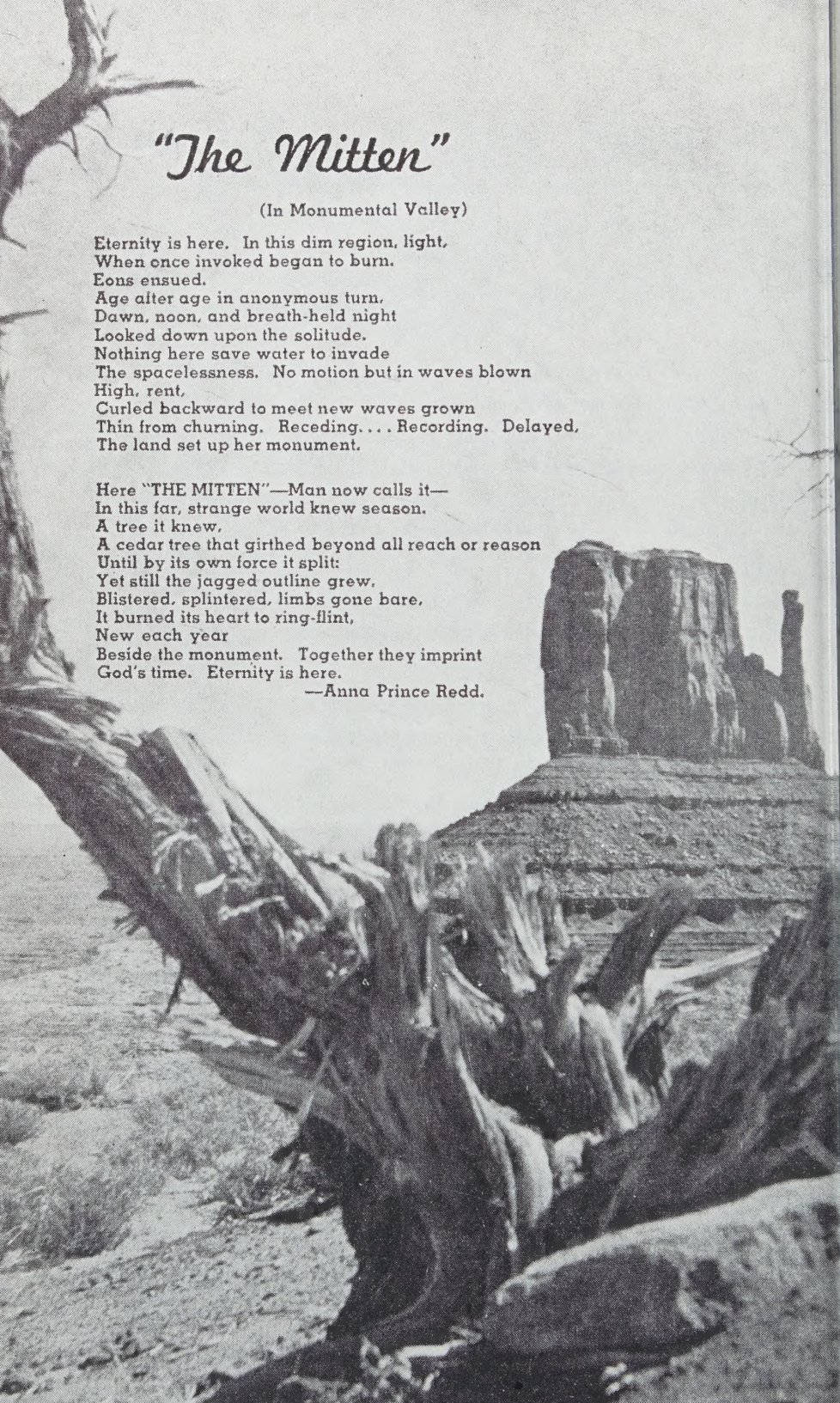
Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, Phone 3-2741, Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.
Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

THE COVER

CROWDS assembling for the general conferences of the Church are always of great interest. Each spring and fall, Latter-day Saints in large numbers gather from stakes and missions to be inspired and instructed by their leaders. The main meetings of the conferences are held in the great Tabernacle on Temple Square, one of the largest auditoriums in the world. The building seats about eight thousand people. The erection of the Tabernacle was begun in 1863, and it was sufficiently completed for conference services in October, 1867.

The building is unique for its dome-shaped roof and unusual acoustic properties; it is considered one of the best places for hearing in the world. "It observes the laws of proportion and purity of style. Plainness and simplicity are its leading characteristics and show that the men who had the direction of its building were great mathematical and constructive artists."

The photograph from which the cover was made was taken by Dr. T. J. Howells. The photograph is outstanding because of the excellence of its composition, the splendid lighting, and because it includes the statue of the Prophet Joseph Smith which stands in the center of the grounds just north of the Bureau of Information.



"The Mitten"

(In Monumental Valley)

Eternity is here. In this dim region, light,
When once invoked began to burn.
Eons ensued.
Age after age in anonymous turn,
Dawn, noon, and breath-held night
Looked down upon the solitude.
Nothing here save water to invade
The spacelessness. No motion but in waves blown
High, rent,
Curled backward to meet new waves grown
Thin from churning. Receding.... Recording. Delayed,
The land set up her monument.

Here "THE MITTEN"—Man now calls it—
In this far, strange world knew season.
A tree it knew,
A cedar tree that girthed beyond all reach or reason
Until by its own force it split:
Yet still the jagged outline grew,
Blistered, splintered, limbs gone bare,
It burned its heart to ring-flint,
New each year
Beside the monument. Together they imprint
God's time. Eternity is here.

—Anna Prince Redd.

The
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. 28 APRIL, 1941 No. 4

"A Day To Remember"

APRIL 6, 1830

Vesta P. Crawford

"A day now revered by hundreds of thousands . . . a day to be held in sacred veneration throughout all time . . . until the Messiah Himself shall come."[1]

ON April 6, 1830, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized. In a scene of pastoral beauty, on a day in spring, six men pledged themselves to bear the standard of a restored gospel—to be witnesses for the words of God, revealed to Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

"And thus arose a system which the world terms Mormonism, universally recognized as the most remarkable religious movement of modern times . . . revered and defended by its disciples as the wonderful work of the Almighty, the veritable 'marvelous work and wonder' foretold by Isaiah and other ancient seers."[2]

One hundred and eleven years is a long way to travel back along the road of time, and so much has happened to change America and the world that it is difficult for us to picture the events and appreciate the divinity and solemnity, the sacred significance, of one of the world's most important days.

Before we come to the Whitmer farmhouse, before we open the door and visit with those six young men, let us first orient ourselves in the world of 1830 and see what was happening in America and in the older nations beyond the sea. Let us discover, if we can, why this year—1830—and this place—Fayette, New York, in the United States of America—were the time and place exactly propitious for the restoration of God's ancient word.

The nineteenth century was a time of enlargement of the ideas of freedom and liberty which the American Revolution and the French Revolution had proclaimed to an awakening world in the later part of the preceding century. In France, despite trouble and opposition, the people were moving steadily toward the establishment of their second republic. Even in Germany, the peasants were beginning to demand recognition as individuals and

[1]George Q. Cannon, *Life of Joseph Smith*, Chapter 12, p. 52.

[2]Statement by Orson F. Whitney, *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, p. 155.

rights as citizens. In England, the Princess Victoria, one day to be a liberal empress, was eleven years old, a girl child being trained in the larger virtues of government.

It was said that the clean wind of liberty was blowing in the world. But it had not, in Europe, reached a stage where a new prophet might deliver his divine message. And yet, these European nations were destined to send their people by the thousands across the great waters to the gathering in Zion.

In America, the dream of the founding fathers for a more perfect union and greater individual liberty rose as a mighty tide in the "thirties." Men and women, filled with hope in their new heritage, turned their faces to the West and surveyed the vast unclaimed frontier whose far boundaries few Americans had ever seen.

Let us, for a moment, meet some of the noble and great ones who shaped American destiny and American dreams in that era of spiritual awakening.

Andrew Jackson, a citizen-soldier, is President of the United States. It is he who has finally made political democracy an established fact. In seven days from this 6th of April, 1830, Andrew Jackson will deliver one of the most significant speeches ever made in America—"Our Federal Union—it must be preserved."

It has been seven years since James Monroe, fifth President of the United States, announced that doctrine of continental independence which now, in our time, has acquired a new and vital meaning.

In this spring of 1830, Abraham Lincoln, now twenty-one years old, is moving into Illinois. In this sam year, John C. Calhoun is busy deve oping two tragic ideas—state's righ and nullification. Daniel Webster lifting his voice in defense of a everlasting union. John Greenle Whittier, the Quaker Poet, is vigo ously denouncing slavery in his "H verhill Gazette."

Noah Webster has just publishe his "American Dictionary of th English Language." Longfellow, a twenty-three, is Professor of Moder Languages in a New England co lege. Ralph Waldo Emerson, age twenty-seven, is a Unitarian clergy man in Boston. He speaks of th dignity of the human spirit, of me and their infinite capabilities, of th liberality of the soul. In this year o 1830, men of letters, men of relig ion, and men of politics, speak the mighty word—LIBERTY.

These are some of the names an some of the voices that are heard in America in the days of the "thirties."

WHAT of the progress of the country?

In one year, the first engine to car ry a train in the State of New York will make its famous trip between Schenectady and Albany. There are no automobiles, and there will be none for sixty more years; no airplanes for seventy years. America, for the most part, is lighted by the sun and the moon, by stars and tallow candles.

Where are the boundaries of the United States of America?

Western New York is known as a wilderness, and certainly it is a frontier. But it is not the far frontier. The rich, broad valleys of the

Mississippi are attracting settlers by thousands to "free" soil. It is said in these days of 1830 that Americans look ever to the West and that their feet itch for the feel of the long turnpike roads, for the forest trails, and for the fordings of the great rivers. "Go West, young man, go West," is already echoed and re-echoed along the eastern seaboard. America, like a newly-awakened giant, stretches its mighty limbs.

And what of the Far West? What of those remote valleys beyond the Rockies where some day a great church, grown from a small beginning, will build its temples in the valleys of the mountains?

Fur traders have traversed the valleys of Utah; Spanish priests have crossed its deserts and climbed its towering mountains. The first wheeled vehicle ever to cross South Pass was a mounted cannon which the fur trader, Ashley, took to Utah Lake in 1825. These were the first wheel tracks to mark the desolate trail which the Mormons, by thousands, were to pass along in later years.

THE six young men who organized the Church perhaps were not that day thinking of a far-away home in the Rockies, and not one of them lived to see the Zion of the mountains. But the organization they made that day has been likened unto a stone thrown into a lake, the ripples whereof reach to the outermost shore. And the words of the Prophet have been carried so far that men in distant lands have said, "Let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths." (Micah 4:2.)

Let us remember, then, a day in the spring of 1830. In the green, rolling country of western New York, thirteen Finger Lakes, running north and south, glint in the sunlight. The fields of the Whitmer farm stretch toward the mirror-clear waters of Seneca Lake. It is a little more than thirty miles to the shore of great Lake Ontario. The border of Pennsylvania is some sixty miles to the south. Manchester and the sacred grove are north about twenty-three miles, and a few miles beyond lies the little town of Palmyra, boyhood home of Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

The acres of the Whitmer farm are broad and well tilled. The farmhouse is built strong and beautiful. The door of this hospitable house is never closed to anyone who seeks help or counsel or friendship from the kindly Whitmers.

Suppose we open the door and enter. Suppose we shake hands with Peter Whitmer, Sr., well-to-do farmer, who, having prospered in the things of this world, now seeks for the riches of the spirit. Peter Whitmer is fifty-seven years old, the father of eight children—five boys and three girls. His wife, Mary, aged fifty-two, is known as a model housekeeper, a charitable neighbor, and a good Christian. The Whitmers have reared their children to be hard workers and to seek ever for the truth. Once an enemy of Joseph Smith tried to get Peter Whitmer, Sr., to deny the new gospel, but Peter only said, "Jesus Christ, yesterday, today, and forever."

For months this large and com-

fortable home has housed, in addition to the Whitmers, the Prophet and his wife Emma, and Oliver Cowdery, second elder of the Church. It has been in this very house that much of the translation of the *Book of Mormon* has been accomplished, and near this home the witnesses saw the golden plates. Surely the Whitmer home and the Whitmers have already served the new gospel in its time of need.

On this day, two of the Whitmer sons are to join with three Smith brothers and Oliver Cowdery to organize the new church in accordance with the laws of the State of New York which testify that a society, in order to be legally recognized, must have six members.[3] Even in this early day, the young Prophet is eager to act in accordance with the laws of the Republic he loves and is eager to serve.

Here are the names of the six men who organized the Church:

Joseph Smith, the Prophet, age 24
Oliver Cowdery, second elder of the Church, age 24.
Hyrum Smith, older brother of the Prophet, age 30
Samuel H. Smith, a younger brother, age 22
David Whitmer, fourth son of Peter Whitmer, Sr., age 25
Peter Whitmer, Jr., youngest of the Whitmer boys, age 21

It will be seen that these six organizers are all young men, ranging in ages between twenty-one and thirty years. But this is a new church with a new vision, in a new country. This is a work "which from its nature emphatically called for the enthusiasm, the faith, the hope of youth, and the youthful were most responsive to its call."[4]

The Prophet at this time is in the full strength of his young manhood. He already exhibits many of the traits which are to distinguish him as his remarkable career progresses. One who was an intimate friend of the Prophet gives this description of him: "He was tall and well built, strong and active, of a light complexion, light hair, blue eyes . . . his countenance was mild, affable, beaming with intelligence and benevolence. . . . There was something connected with the serene and penetrating glance of his eye, as if he would penetrate the darkest abyss of the human heart, gaze into eternity, penetrate the heavens and comprehend all worlds."[5]

Oliver Cowdery, called the "second elder of the Church," was one of the first outside of the Smith family to hear of the Restored Gospel. Already he has acted as scribe for Joseph. He was a young school teacher boarding at the Smith home when he heard "the glad tidings" of the ancient faith brought again to earth. This Oliver Cowdery, who has for several months lived in the Whitmer home, will in two years marry the youngest of the Whitmers —Dorothy Ann.

Hyrum, "of the faithful heart," although he is older, recognizes the divine calling of his brother, and his own high courage has already helped the Prophet to get the manuscript of the *Book of Mormon* into the

[3]*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, Discussion of Section 20, p. 138.

[4]Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. I, p. 187.

[5]Parley P. Pratt's statement, Preface to the *Commentary on the Doctrine and Covenants*, p. 19.

hands of the printer. The young Samuel is ready and eager to follow the teaching of his inspired brother.

David and Peter Whitmer were baptized almost a year before this day of organization. It was David who furnished the Prophet with food and supplies when he was working on the translation of the golden plates in Harmony, Pennsylvania.

These, then, are the six who meet together on this day in spring, 1830, to organize the Church. The proceedings of the solemn occasion are best described in the words of the Prophet:

"Having opened meeting by solemn prayer to our Heavenly Father, we proceeded according to previous commandment, to call on our brethren to know whether they accepted us as their teachers in the things of the kingdom of God and whether they were satisfied that we should proceed and be organized as a Church according to said commandment which we had received. To these several propositions they consented by a unanimous vote. I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery, and ordained him an Elder of the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints'; after which, he ordained me also to the office of an Elder of said Church.

"We then took bread, blessed it, and brake it with them; also wine, blessed it and drank it with them. We then laid our hands on each individual member of the Church present, that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the Church of Christ. . . .

"We now proceeded to call out and ordain some others of the brethren to different offices of the Priesthood, according as the Spirit manifested unto us; and after a happy time spent in witnessing and feeling for ourselves the powers and blessings of the Holy Ghost, through the grace of God bestowed upon us, we dismissed with the pleasing knowledge that we were now individually members of, and acknowledged of God, The Church of Jesus Christ, organized in accordance with commandments and revelations given by Him to ourselves in these last days, as well as according to the order of the Church as recorded in the New Testament. Several persons who had attended the above meeting, became convinced of the truth and came forward shortly after, and were received into the Church; among the rest, my own father and mother were baptized, to my great joy and consolation; and about the same time, Martin Harris and Orrin Porter Rockwell."[6]

IT will be seen that prayer played an important part in this organization. It has been said that the Church was founded on prayer. If Joseph Smith had not prayed for wisdom, then, perhaps, the Gospel might not have been restored through him. Prayer and the answers to prayer directed the finding of the plates and their translation, and prayer in all the years of Church history has been the forerunner of testimony, the evidence of faith.

Significant in the records of this meeting are two great principles—the will of God and the consent of the people. Upon these two prin-

[6]Joseph Smith, the Prophet, *History of the Church*, Vol. I, pp. 76-79.

ciples the Church was founded and developed—the sovereignty of God and the free agency of his children. Surely the modern world seems to have largely forgotten these eternal laws, inherent truths holding power sufficient to save all men and all nations.

On this April day of inspiration and hope, the young Prophet has realized afresh "the source of spiritual knowledge, and his life and his life's work have broadened; but his knowledge will not bring him peace in this world, except that peace of the soul that rejoices even in the midst of conflict—the peace that passeth understanding. . . . His testimony will arouse the wrath of men . . . derision will laugh at his message to the world. . . ."[7]

But on this day, the Prophet's heart is filled with thanksgiving, and he relates the joy that came to him when, that very afternoon, his father and mother and Orrin Porter Rockwell and Martin Harris were baptized and "were received into the Church."

A few days from this Tuesday, on Sunday, April 11, Oliver Cowdery will preach the first public address of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and in the weeks to come many more will join the Church. On June 9, 1830, the first conference will be held, and on the following day, Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet, will be baptized, as well as many others who have heard and believed in the words of Joseph and the record that "speaks from the dust."

[7]Roberts, *Comprehensive History of the Church*, Vol. I, p. 58.

SUCH was the beginning of the Church as an organization. We might ask where, at this time, are those stalwart leaders who are to stand shoulder to shoulder with Joseph in the trying years to come. Where are Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball and Parley P. Pratt? Where are John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff and Lorenzo Snow?

Brigham Young, now twenty-nine years old, is married to Miriam Works, and lives not far from the Prophet's home in New York State. He is practicing his profession, "carpenter, joiner, painter, glazier." It is more than two years before that autumn day when Brigham Young will journey to Kirtland, Ohio, to meet the Prophet. Heber C. Kimball, now twenty-nine years old, lives in New York State, where he makes pottery and studies the teachings of the Baptist Church. He will go with Brigham Young to visit the Prophet in Ohio. Parley P. Pratt, now twenty-three years old, will join the Church in September, 1830, and from that day forward he will be one to define the principles of Mormonism and carry the message to the world.

John Taylor, this spring of 1830, has left his home in England, where he was a Methodist preacher, and has moved to Toronto, Canada. It will be six years before he joins the Church. Wilford Woodruff, now twenty-three years old, will not meet the Prophet until 1834, and Lorenzo Snow, now only sixteen years old, will be baptized in 1836.

Thus, the new Church grew rapidly and attracted to its membership brave and courageous men and

women willing to follow a prophet who had been accounted worthy to commune with the Father in Heaven and receive from the hands of an angel the ancient records of the *Book of Mormon*.

It has been said that any belief is of little value unless it be "a light to your path, a guide to your steps, and a voice of counsel in times of difficult decision." Such a light and such a guide is the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It is not the mere strength of numbers that brings power to an organization, rather it is the ideals and the philosophy, the divine guidance, the unity and hope, that direct its development.

Today in America the voice of the Prophet may be heard again in the teachings of Mormonism. For, as Orson Hyde once said, "The voice of God through American policy, with loud and thrilling notes, cries, 'Come unto me all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved from the yoke of tyrants and from the chains and fetters of bigotry, . . . and regale yourselves under the tree of liberty, whose branches are rapidly extending and whose fruit is rich and desirable, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations'."[8]

[8]Orson Hyde, Fourth of July Address, 1858.

NIGHT

Grace M. Candland

How quietly the day gives place to night,
And brings a thought of loneliness and dread
With no escape, like moth caught in a web,
As twilight folds away the fading light.
But there is recompense, intense delight
In those far constellations overhead
In all their majesty, and I am led
To contemplate creation's far-flung might.

Yes, life must pause from rush and stress
Of jostling crowds, the irritants that flay
The tired nerves, and wear our hearts away
But for those hours of sweet forgetfulness.
Twice blest is night, its darkness soon will flee,
And give us back tomorrow's constancy.

America's First Easter[1]

The Greatest Story Every Told

Isaac B. Ball

A Patriarch of Oakland Stake

When Easter returns each year, we very properly meditate anew the incidents connected with the Lord's resurrection as they appear in the four Gospels. But Latter-day Saints have in their possession a fifth Gospel within the *Book of Mormon*—III Nephi. Here we find recorded the events connected with the Savior's post-resurrection visit to the "other sheep" who were also to hear His voice. Of this ministry, Jesus himself declared to the Nephites, "So great faith have I never seen among all the Jews; wherefore I could not show unto them so great miracles, because of their unbelief." (*Book of Mormon*, III Nephi, 19:35.) It is well to have this story retold in brief form often, but Latter-day Saints, we trust, will turn to the fuller account in III Nephi as to a well of sweet, fresh water which endlessly refreshes the soul.

THE Pilgrims' first Easter may or may not have made a great story, I do not know. I am not thinking of *that* American Easter observance, I am thinking of one of the greatest heart-throb stories ever written. It is a simple narrative in the *Book of Mormon* depicting the three-day ministry of the resurrected Christ among the Nephites—their delayed but most exquisite Easter. No other story could, I think, with equal potency feast the soul, purify the heart, enrich the mind, and fire the will for finer living. The world needs that story retold today and often.

As a prelude to the Nephite story, let us first briefly sketch the Palestinian Easter.

The darker the night, the brighter the dawn. In Palestine, the first Easter dawned after three gloomy days of disillusionment among the followers of Christ. Hear them wail, "We trusted it had been He which should have redeemed Israel." Instead, He lay silent in the tomb. True, He had told His disciples He would arise the third day, but this they could not comprehend.

While they were thus beset with fears, the devastated Mary, seeking in vain for the torn body of her Lord, heard the words: "Woman why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" And then that one softly-spoken word, "Mary." And Mary recognized her Lord; and throwing herself at His feet, she cried: "My beloved Master!"

Each of the appearances of the resurrected Lord must have brought unbounded joy—that sudden appearance among the apostles secretly gathered behind closely guarded doors in Jerusalem; the unexpected presence on the shores of Galilee early one morning. Finally, with gladness we listen to Paul: "Brethren, I declare unto you . . . that he was buried, and that He rose again the third day . . . and that He was seen of Cephas, and then of the

[1]This article deals with the appearance of Christ to the Nephites. While technically, perhaps, this was not an Easter occasion, since it did not occur until after Jesus' ascension following His forty-day post-resurrection ministry in Palestine, still to the Nephites it was His first appearance after His resurrection; hence, the first American Easter.

twelve. After that he was seen of about five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present. . . . After that He was seen of James; then of the apostles. And last of all He was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." (I Corinthians 15:1-8.)

IN the land of the Nephites, the first Easter dawned likewise after a sad and gloomy period. The three days in which the Savior lay in the rock tomb were days on this hemisphere of the direst destruction ever to come upon mankind. The sad and chastened people who were spared wept for the hosts of their dead for more than six long weeks amidst the ruins of their cities before their Easter came.

Then one day, for some reason, the multitude had gathered about the temple, in the land Bountiful. Perhaps that temple was thronged day after day with awed worshipers, for were these people not a righteous remnant of the House of Israel? No doubt they were looking forward to the coming of the Lord in the very near future, for so it had been predicted, according to their records, six hundred years before, by the first Nephi who also had foretold the very destructions which now had overwhelmed their people. A great multitude were gathered together round about the temple on that particular day, and they were marveling and wondering one with another and were showing one another the great changes which had taken place.

As they were conversing, a voice from heaven sounded in the ears of all that host! It was not a harsh voice, but a small voice with a peculiar quality which penetrated the listeners to the center, causing them to quake, piercing them to their very souls, and causing their hearts to burn. Not until they had heard it for the third time did they understand what the voice was saying: "Behold my Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, in whom I have glorified my name—hear ye Him." Simultaneously, the figure of a man was seen coming down from heaven. Gently he descended and stood in the midst of them, while all gazed silently and transfixed, thinking yet that it was an angel.

Not long had they to wonder. He stretched forth His hand and began to speak the most significant words ever spoken upon this continent: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ, whom the prophets testified should come into the world. And behold, I am the light and the life of the world."

And the astonished people fell to the earth in worship, for they remembered that it had been prophesied that Christ should show Himself unto them.

The Savior then designed to give them irrefutable proof that he was Jesus, the Christ, who had been slain for the sins of the world. He bade them arise and come forth and thrust their hands into His side and feel the prints of the nails in His hands and feet. One by one they filed along, two thousand five hundred souls, until each had had the opportunity of thrusting his hand into the torn rent in the Savior's side and of feeling the prints of the nails by which He had been held to the cross. The entire multitude gave united expression to their surging emotions. With one accord, they cried out: "Hosanna! Blessed be the

name of the Most High God!" And they fell down at the feet of Jesus in adoration and worshiped Him.

Then Jesus repeated for them the greatest sermon ever delivered on earth—that which is commonly known as the "Sermon on the Mount."

Having finished this discourse, probably hours in length, Jesus informed the people that He must now go to the other lost tribes of Israel. The people, however, were loath to have Him leave them, and stood looking toward Him in tearful silence which pleaded eloquently that He tarry longer with them. Immediately responsive to this appeal, Jesus called upon them to bring all who were in any way sick or afflicted —the lame, the blind, the halt, the maimed, the leprous, the withered, the deaf—and He healed them every one. Again, all the people, the healed and the whole, bowed down and worshiped Him and kissed His feet, insomuch that they bathed His feet with their tears.

After having healed all their sick, blind, and lame, Jesus called for their little children to be brought and set in a circle before Him. The story of His blessing these little children is perhaps one of the most touching and yet exalting in all literature, either sacred or profane. Standing in the center of the children, Jesus commanded the multitude to kneel upon the ground, and He also knelt upon the earth. Then He prayed to the Father. The things which He prayed to the Father the world will never read, because they could not be written. It must be content with the simple *Book of Mormon* report of the scene: "No tongue can speak, neither can there be written by any man, neither can the hearts of men conceive so great and marvelous things as we both saw and heard Jesus speak; and no one can conceive of the joy which filled our souls at the time we heard Him pray for us unto the Father."

So great was the joy of the people, it consumed their strength, and they were overcome. But they arose again at Jesus' request, and He blessed them because of their faith, adding, "And now behold, my joy is full." When He had said these words, He wept. And He took their little children one by one and blessed them, praying unto the Father in their behalf. Then Jesus was again so moved that He wept the second time, and He called upon the parents to look at their little ones.

As they looked, their eyes were attracted toward the heavens which seemed to be opening, and they saw angels descending out of heaven as it were in the midst of fire; and the angels came down and encircled the little ones and administered cheer and comfort to them, while the fire seemed to surround them.

Later Jesus administered the sacrament unto the multitude and conferred authority to baptize upon His chosen Twelve. Then a cloud came and overshadowed the multitude, and Jesus departed from their sight.

ON the succeeding day, a great multitude gathered together—so great it was in fact that it had to be divided into twelve groups. And the people were instructed and received the ordinance of baptism at the hands of the ordained Apostles. Like another Pentecost, the Holy Ghost fell upon the baptized saints. Fire from heaven encircled them,

while angels came down and administered unto them. As a glorious consummation, Jesus came again and stood in the midst of them and ministered unto them. Then He commanded them to kneel upon the ground.

While all were thus kneeling, Jesus commanded His disciples to pray, and He went a little way off and bowed Himself to the earth, praying: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast given the Holy Ghost unto these whom I have chosen . . . because of their belief in me. . . . Father I pray that thou wilt give the Holy Ghost unto all them that shall believe in their words . . . that they may believe in me, that I may be in them as thou, Father, art in me, that we may be one."

When Jesus had prayed in this sublime manner, He came and looked upon His disciples as they continued to pray to Him, and He blessed them and smiled upon them. The light of His countenance shone upon them until they were as white as His countenance and His garments—a whiteness exceeding all the whiteness ever seen upon the earth by the eyes of mortals.

Bidding them pray on, the second time he went a little way off, and bowing, He prayed: "Father I thank thee that thou hast purified those whom I have chosen, because of their faith, and I pray for them, and also for them who shall believe on their words, that they may be purified in me, that I may be in them as thou, Father, art in me, that we may be one, that I may be glorified in them."

Then Jesus came once again to the praying disciples and smiled upon them. They were still as white even as Jesus Himself — radiantly white. Again, the third time, Jesus withdrew a little distance and bowed in prayer to the Father, and "tongue cannot speak the words which He prayed, neither can be written by man the words which He prayed." But the multitude heard, and their hearts were opened, and they understood in their hearts the things which He prayed.

The Lord continued with the people for three days, teaching them, expounding all things unto them, both great and small.

IF we compare this period of divine manifestations in Nephite lands with similar events among the Jews, we notice at once a fitting harmony of teachings and spiritual demonstrations. Was it not the same Christ who ministered to the two segments of the House of Israel, and was it not the same Gospel message which He delivered?

It is true that greater miracles were performed among the Nephites than among the Jews because, according to the Savior's own explanation, of their greater faith. The excellence of the Nephite record also gives us many important details. What a privileged people were these Nephites!

According to recorded history, never before or since has a heavenly being thus mingled so freely and openly with an entire population. Two thousand five hundred people were present the first day, and the number increased day by day as word spread abroad. How many happy hours this multitude must have spent in the very presence of Jesus!

Consider the marvelous things

shown unto this great host, things of such surpassing glory and magnitude that no words of mortal man could express them.

Consider the loving tenderness of Christ and His angels as they ministered to the little children; how He blessed them and prayed for them until He himself was so filled with ecstasy that He wept for joy—not once only, but twice.

Finally, consider those transcendent words when He prayed to the Father for His disciples—for all the people and their children. Impressive beyond compare were His pleadings that His humble followers might be one in Him even as He is one in the Father. These words we read, and we feel their power to work changes in our own hearts. But what must have been the exquisite joy of the people when they *heard* His prayers, so exalted that no mortal heart could have conceived them and no mortal could have phrased them!

O Father, may those prayers of the white-countenanced Christ on that first American Easter be answered this Eastertide and forever. May tens of thousands of Latter-day Saints live and labor in the sublime oneness with Jesus, even as He lives and works for us in perfect oneness with His Holy Father.

THE RAIN IS OVER

Mrs. Marion Clegg

The rain is over! The blue of the sky
Is tinted with rainbow hues on high;
While out in my bush, the song birds raise
A tumultuous, glorious song of praise.

Flowers that bowed their heads to the storm
Are smiling again—upright and warm;
Lifting glad colors up to the sun
Rejoicing that the rain is done.

The doubts that tore at my heart are still,
Shamed by the faith in the songsters' trill;
Humbled by the flowers' undaunted trust
In a Power greater than rain or dust.

The Legend Of A Masterpiece

How Raphael Painted His "Madonna of the Chair" on the Round Top of a Wine Cask

Margaret Stephenson

THE San Francisco Fair of 1939 brought from Italy one of the world's great paintings, Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair." Thus, to many thousands of us came our only opportunity to see this great masterpiece, for it is not probable that it will be shown in this country again, nor is it likely that many of us will have the good fortune to travel abroad and see this gem in its native setting. It has been called "the most beautiful picture in the world" this "Madonna della Sedia"; and while this is a sweeping statement, the whole world has long acknowledged the beloved painting as one of its treasures.

Wherein lies the appeal of this picture? Is it the humanness of the little group, or does one deeply sense the divinity expressed in it? It seems almost too completely human to satisfy as the setting for a divine figure —indeed, divinity is symbolized only by faint halos over the heads of the Madonna and the adoring small St. John, and we know not whether to admire more the tenderness in the expression of the mother or the sweet gravity in the face of the child. So, perhaps, it is a mingling of qualities—the human and the divine—that endears the painting to all beholders.

The "Madonna of the Chair" has been written of as the supreme picture of love, this absolute union of mother and child. Of no other of the Madonnas would this description be so true. A more perfect representation of mother love would be hard to find; therefore, it seems that its reputation is justly deserved.

THERE is a pretty and poetical legend told of this Madonna which also explains why the picture is circular in form. There once lived in the Italian hills, near Rome, a venerable hermit whose name was Bernardo. He built for himself a rude hut under a huge oak tree, where he spent his lonely days with only the music of the murmuring leaves for companionship. Old Bernardo loved but two things: this great oak and a girl named Mary, the beautiful daughter of the peasant owner of a vineyard nearby. Mary, who was not only fair of face, but kind of heart, daily carried food to the hermit; indeed, had it not been for Mary, old Bernardo would have known severe hunger.

One day a storm wrecked his hut, and the hermit's life was saved only by his seeking refuge in the oak tree. Mary, in her anxiety for Bernardo, hastened to his rescue and took him to her home, where she tenderly cared for him until his death. Prior to his death, in a spirit of gratitude, he prayed God that the memory of these two, Mary and the oak tree, would live forever.

It rarely seems to mortals that their prayers are answered, but this one was, as we shall see.

Eventually the great oak was cut

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA OR MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

Made by Raphael Sanzio at the time he was working on decorations for the Vatican, between 1510 and 1514. (Photo by Gordon Green.)

down, and its wood was made into wine casks. Mary grew to womanhood; she married and bore two children. She was a beautiful, dark-eyed country woman with no thought but that of joy in her children.

Early one summer evening as Mary sat near an open window crooning to her last-born, with her elder son at her knee, a passing stranger looked into the courtyard and was entranced by the happy domestic scene. He stopped to admire it. At that moment, Raphael, for it was he, beheld the incomparable composition which he had so long desired. Genius was not necessary to appreciate the beauty of the scene, but genius such as Raphael's was

necessary to capture the glory of motherhood in paint.

Having no canvas at hand, he took the top of a wine cask nearby and sketched the group then and there in the soft Italian dusk. When the drawing was completed, he carried it away with him to his studio, and on this oaken barrel-head he finished the picture. It was the "Madonna della Sedia," commonly known as the "Madonna of the Chair." Thus was the prayer of the old hermit realized, and Mary and the oak received the crown of immortality.

The picture was made at the time Raphael was working on decorations for the Vatican, between 1510 and 1514, when he was little more than twenty-five years of age.

SELDOM has there been a more romantic or successful career than that of Raphael Sanzio. He was born on Good Friday in 1483, the son of a painter-poet. All of the circumstances of his life were peculiarly fortunate for the development of his art, and from his earliest years to the day of his death he seems to have been successful in everything that he attempted. Though highly gifted and very popular, he never allowed himself to fall into the snares which extreme popularity spreads before the idol of the hour.

The great amount of work left by Raphael, and its excellence, are evidence that he did not waste his exceptional gifts or his time.

So great was his fame at the age of twenty-five that Pope Julius II summoned him to Rome to take part in decorating the Vatican. He so pleased Pope Julius and likewise his successor, Pope Leo X, that the Vatican became practically a museum of Raphael's works.

Strangely enough, he died on Good Friday, just thirty-seven years from the day of his birth, and was buried in the Pantheon in Rome with all the honor due one of his genius.

So fas as is known, the great painting, "Madonna della Sedia," has always been a part of the State collection of the Medici. It was first mentioned in 1589 in a catalogue of pictures in the Tribuna of the Uffizi and was transferred some two hundred years later to the Pitti Palace in Florence.

With the exception of a brief sojourn in Paris, as a result of Napoleon's plundering of Italian art treasures, and from whence it was returned to Florence in 1815, this masterpiece had never been out of Italy until it came, with other great paintings, to the San Francisco Fair. It was shown thereafter for short periods in Chicago and New York. Now it is at home again in the Pitti Palace in Italy where it is hoped it will hang unmolested through these turbulent times of plunder and destruction, so that future generations may see and enjoy its exquisite beauty.

Beatrice Stevens Wins Recognition

THE Relief Society General Board is very proud of the recent recognition that has come to one of its members, Mrs. Beatrice Farley Stevens. On February 28, 1941, the University of Utah announced the selection of "Hail Utah" a composition by Mrs. Stevens, as its new Alma Mater song. The song was introduced to the student body on the occasion of the ninety-first anniversary of the founding of the institution.

For several years, the school has felt a need for a new Alma Mater song which would be appropriate for use on all occasions, particularly those of a more formal nature. Efforts have been made at various times to secure such a song. Last year an invitational contest was held in the interest of securing something appropriate. A number of gifted composers were invited to enter their work in the contest. Mrs. Stevens was among those so honored. From the group of compositions submitted, three were selected to be privately voted upon by the student body. The voting resulted in the selection of Mrs. Stevens' song, "Hail Utah."

The General Board is very grateful for the accomplished service which Mrs. Stevens renders to Relief Society. In addition to other responsibilities, she has for several years been an active member of the General Board Music Committee, and is its present chairman. She has worked diligently in furthering Singing Mothers' choruses throughout the Church, and the success of these choruses is a source of pride to the Society. She is perhaps best known to Relief Society women for her composition, "A Hundred Thousand Strong," written as a rally song for the Relief Society membership campaign. As a member of the music committee, she assisted in the preparation of the new *Relief Society Song Book*, which includes two of her compositions, "The Work We're Called To Do," and

BEATRICE F. STEVENS

"Our Father In Heaven." She is also the author of "The Magic Bowl," a Mutual Improvement Association prize-winning operetta.

As we contemplate the accomplishments of Relief Society women in all lines, both collectively and individually, our hearts rejoice and we thank our Heavenly Father for His goodness to us. We congratulate Mrs. Stevens upon her achievements, and extend our best wishes for continued success in her musical activities.

The words of "Hail Utah" are published on page 240 of this issue of the *Magazine*.

The Merry-Go-Round

Alice Morrey Bailey

Chapter One

ALYN FORDYCE tilted her violet hat over one violet eye and took stock of her possessions — gloves, crisp white linen handkerchief, and purse. Yes, she had everything, and she looked charming in the exclusive Mangone model suit. She could almost hear the envy in Bea McIntyre's voice: "Alyn, where in the world did you get that darling suit?" And Mary's sigh: "Alyn, you always look so perfectly right." Her suit would blend in with Josephine's faintly-orchid walls, be complemented by the centerpiece of violets Josephine was sure to have on her luncheon table.

Not many women of thirty-eight could wear violet, but for her it dramatized the lights in her blue-black hair, the protected delicacy of her pink-white skin. Not many women would pay eighty dollars for a suit—or could wear one advantageously when they got it. Alyn might be extravagant, as the girls often accused her of being, but good appearance offsets so many things. Cheap clothing was poor background and poorer taste. Alyn had no patience with women who bought cheap clothing.

She took one lingering look at her apartment as she drew the door shut. It was a never-ending source of delight to her, even though John, her husband, sometimes complained that it lacked hominess. "Imagine me taking off my shoes and cocking my feet up for comfort any place in this house!" he had said once. And, indeed, Alyn couldn't. She was forced to admit that John had common urges.

Sunshine filtered through the Venetian Blinds, and rays of light were reflected here and there on polished wood and crystal trimmings. It was easy to forget that each expensive piece of furniture and each exquisite decoration represented a struggle with John—polite and well-bred, of course, but, nevertheless, a struggle. The quiet beauty of the place was worth every bit of unpleasantness. She softly closed the door and turned to meet John, face to face. At a glance, she saw that he had come home again with one of his headaches—*again* when she so wanted to attend a luncheon.

"But, John!" she expostulated inanely. "I've already called the taxi." How utterly unfortunate! Now she would miss the luncheon, and she had dressed so expressly.... Why couldn't he have been ten minutes later? She wished fervently that she had gotten away before John's arrival.

"Run along," said John, thickly, looking at her with suffering eyes. "I'll pile up in bed with an ice cap. I'll be all right."

"I wouldn't think of it," Alyn protested, but the idea tempted her. After all there wasn't a thing she could do. But someone at the party was sure to ask about John—his headaches were becoming more and more frequent, and everyone knew about them. She would be placed in the unpleasant position of either

lying about him or saying that she had abandoned him for a social engagement. As seriously as the girls took their luncheons, that just wasn't done by any of them.

John stumbled into bed, Alyn helping him off with his clothes and getting the ice pack for him with more solicitude than tenderness. He glanced at her briefly, gratitude shining through the pain in his eyes.

"Thanks, Alyn," he mumbled, "you've always been an awfully good sport. I wish. . . ."

He subsided then, without voicing the wish, and she called the apartment office.

"Tell the janitor to dismiss the taxi out in front. If the driver is unpleasant, pay him something. These people are so unreasonable." Then she called Josephine.

"Josephine, darling. This is Alyn. Isn't this dreadful of me, but I give you my word that I was on my way there. I had the taxi waiting in front, and John came home with one of his headaches. I think it must be migraine, in spite of what the doctor says. I really am sorry. You give such wonderful luncheons. I really must have you all in. I'll plan something for next week," she offered.

John moaned, and she hurried to give him one of the capsules that Doctor Prentiss had left, a sedative, of course.

AFTER twenty minutes or so, John was quiet. Alyn couldn't tell whether or not he slept, but she knew he must be comparatively free from pain, and the capsule usually remained effective for three or four hours. The afternoon would be wasted for her. It was so annoying, for Alyn hated nothing more than idleness. "You are so active," her friends always said. And she was, too. She went to book reviews twice a week to keep up on current literature; shopping took up a great deal of time; and social obligations were almost a full-time job. To be idle all afternoon . . . or perhaps she could take this time to plan the dinner she had been meaning to give ever since the McIntyres had given theirs. If she couldn't give a better dinner than Bea McIntyre. . . .

She would serve lamb chops—double thick, shrimp salad, and that delicious cocktail of broiled grapefruit with brown sugar and butter. The cateress could make the rolls. No one could make them better than Geraldine—and, of course, she would have Geraldine. No one knew Geraldine's last name. She was simply listed in the directory as Geraldine, the Cateress, and was the one and only to the exclusive set. The thought of her brought up the matter of expense. John had always let her have everything within his power to give, but lately he kept harping about expense, and Geraldine was expensive. Nevertheless, Alyn would rather not give a dinner than have to scrimp. It was as much to John's advantage as to hers to make a good showing. After all, it was John who was not getting along. Alyn was trained and equipped to uphold a man of position and wealth, but John, after nineteen years of married life, was still a man working for a salary.

To be sure, the salary was a flat five hundred a month and was not to be sneezed at, as her friends were always pointing out. "Six thousand

a year," they put it, but Alyn couldn't shut her ears to the way other men made money nor her eyes to the things it bought. The girls were too well-bred to boast outright, but comparisons were inevitable. "I always feel funny inside on the eve of one of Wif's big deals," was Bea's way of putting it. "Business position has its penalties," Josephine was always reminding them.

Alyn's mother hadn't wanted Alyn to marry John, but she had been so sure that it was right at the time. She wrinkled her brow, trying to remember the dim reasons why she had married John, but gave it up for the business at hand. Of course, it had been different then. Then her own family had money—the fine, old Merriweather family. She had been the lovely Alyn Merriweather, with a lively, almost certain, prospect of being wealthy in her own right some day.

John's father hadn't been doing so badly himself, though her mother sniffed at him as being a newcomer. He had had large holdings in mining, large enough so that he thought John's start at two hundred a month amusing and "good for the boy"—a start, by the way, that her own father had given him simply by contact with the right people, a word spoken at the right source. John had been a bit difficult.

"I'd rather make my own place than be given something by pull," he had objected.

"Nonsense," her father had replied, "you'll make your place. They won't keep you long, even for me, if you don't." And John had taken the position because they wanted so badly to be married, and John simply refused to marry until he should be on a paying job.

Alyn continued to plan the dinner: There would be Will and Mary Thorpe. Will owned a chain of theatres, and they were well-to-do. Mary made a boast of her ability to economize, but everyone knew that she did so because Will ruled the family exchequer with an iron hand. No doubt they would both die young, and the children would squander the money they had saved. Alyn didn't envy Mary, though she often found Mary's eyes on her in what she interpreted as something of pity. Mary needn't be so smug. Alyn wouldn't change places with her for all the bank balance Will could put up. John was not stingy.

It was annoying, of course, not to have charge accounts at Hatterly's and the Red Market, at Tyson's and the other exclusive places of trade, like all the rest, but sometimes it was a distinct advantage. "Don't think of inviting me anywhere on the first," Doris Peterson often wailed, "I'm up to my neck in accounts and up to my ears in alibis." "Tory was furious when the bill for that hat came in. He said I could have stuck a sweet potato in a glass of water and grown one prettier." This from Francine Meade. Running bills was the one thing John would not tolerate, but Alyn was welcome to anything he had.

Of course, she would invite the Haywoods, Jetta and Lane; and the Martins, Ruth and Bill. The Haywoods were in the jewelry business, and the Martins owned a string of laundries. Bill had once said that he had no idea how much he was worth. They were important people, all of

them. There would be Jeff Peterson and Doris. She must invite the Meades and the Welshes; she owed them both invitations. That would be twelve guests. Bea and Wif McIntyre would be fourteen; Josephine and Rufus Randolph, sixteen. There would be eighteen in all, including herself and John. Alyn sighed. She had vowed never to have more than ten or twelve guests at one time again, and John would hit the ceiling. But she was obligated all the way round, and it was either that or have two dinners.

She used the kitchen telephone extension to make a few tentative calls. She must not disturb John. She called the florist, the meat market and Geraldine, who hadn't an opening until a week from Thursday. Thursday! It would probably be a bad day altogether. It was a nuisance to be at the mercy of these people.

"Let me check my appointments, Geraldine, and call you back."

AS she put the receiver in its cradle, she looked up to see John swaying in the doorway, his hands at either side of his head.

"Is that a dinner I hear you planning, dear?"

"Why, yes, John. Why?"

"Will you mind very much not giving it?"

"Not *give* it? It's not too late to *postpone* it," said Alyn reasonably, biting back her annoyance.

"I didn't mean postpone it. I mean *not give it at all.*"

"Not give it at all? Why, John, that's absurd. Why shouldn't I give it?"

John looked at her, something like anguish in his eyes. It was the headache, no doubt.

"Alyn, I hate to go into this, but I must have a talk with you."

"Of course," agreed Alyn promptly, "but you'd better sit down before you fall, and let me get you something to eat. It might help that headache. There's nothing like drawing the congestion to your stomach. . . ."

"No." John waved away the thought of food and sat by her on the couch. He looked at her so long that it made her uncomfortable. What was he being so tragic about?

"Alyn, we've been happy, haven't we? You love me, don't you?"

"Of course." Alyn fidgeted, wishing John would come to the point.

"I'd rather die than tell you this. Would it be very bad to start all over again?"

"Whatever do you mean, John Fordyce? Start what over again?"

"Alyn, I've lost my job."

"You've lost your job?" repeated Alyn blankly.

"Yes. I've known for a month, but I thought I could do something. . . . This is really the end—now, today!"

"Well, you can get another. You didn't like this one anyway." Alyn smiled briefly.

"No, Alyn, you don't understand. It isn't so easy as all that. I've tried for a month. You won't like the only thing I've been able to manage. . . . I've pulled every string that I thought might work, and it's no go. I'm out of a job and nearly out of money."

"Out of money?" shrieked Alyn. "How could we be out of money?"

"How indeed?" asked John ironically. We've never saved a penny—

a new car every year, clothes that cost a fortune, entertaining. . . . Oh, it has been everything—this apartment especially. Seventy-five dollars. . . ."

"Now, John, let's not go into that again. I know how you feel about this apartment. At least I should." Alyn was touchy where her beautiful apartment was concerned. It was her pride, her love, from the pale green and apricot of her bedroom to the ivory and deep blue of the living room, and she kept it spotless—with the aid of the cleaning woman, of course.

John sighed. "Well, we've got to cut down. More than that—we've got to start all over, Alyn, with new surroundings, new friends, and I can't say that I'm sorry."

"John, you're not asking me to give up my friends . . ." began Alyn.

John laughed shortly. "You won't have to. They'll give you up when you can't offer competition any more, when you can't entertain, when you aren't in the swim."

Alyn noted mentally that John said "you" instead of "us," and a fresh fury shook her. "After all I've tried to do for him," she thought.

"My friends aren't like that," she informed him frigidly. "Besides, you're talking nonsense, John. You'll get situated in a few days. You can't help it, and everything will go on just the same. You're just being cowardly about this. What you need is will power, backbone. . . ."

"Perhaps you're right," cut in John, "now is the time to fight. Well, I don't feel like fighting. I'm sick of the way we live. I'm sick of a job that I've had to take a back seat on for the last three years. You might not know it, but I was shelved when Jacobs took over. I've only been kept on out of courtesy. I've eaten dust and humiliation. I've boot-licked and cringed, and I wish I'd quit before I was thrown out, but I didn't. And why. . . ? So you could go to your silly teas, so you could invite so-and-so because she invited you, so you could dress better than women far more able to dress well than you. We haven't a friend who comes for the mere enjoyment of our company, and you know it. I have had enough of being apologized for. I won't be dragged in. I don't like it, and I never will. . . ."

"Why, John! You've never talked so before." She knew exactly what her mother would have said. John was being socially inefficient. He was anti-social, and Alyn had never known it before. What a hopeless situation!

"Isn't it enough that I like it, John? I think you are being very selfish. It's all I have to compensate me for. . . ."

"I know—for not having children," finished John brutally, and Alyn began to cry. "I don't think you wanted children as much as you said, Alyn. With all the homeless waifs in the world. . . . Oh, there now, honey, I don't know what I'm saying. I'm a brute. I've stood about all I can stand. This thing has been preying on my mind, and these headaches. . . ."

ALYN knew then that she had won. John could never hold out against her tears. She could afford to unbend a little herself.

"John, I will help. I know a lot of inexpensive dishes we can have, and

I can get rid of the cleaning woman. With the vacuum and all the cleaning equipment. . . . And I can cut down on clothes and ride the trolleys more." Thank goodness the spring cleaning was done and she had her suit. Her mind raced ahead. She could retrim her expensive hats for two or three dollars and buy accessories for her old clothes instead of buying new ones. She had read of such things. Certainly she would do anything within reason.

"That's good for a starter, honey, but it will have to go much deeper than that. It isn't really so bad. I do have a job, but not one that you would call. . . . I got it on my own nerve, though, on my own personality. It's horticulture. I studied it in college. Remember how keen I was about it? The job starts at $150 a month. I just walked into Intermountain Milton Nurseries, and without telling who I was. . . . "

"A hundred and fifty a month?" said Alyn, aghast. "You don't mean to say that you accepted. . . . "

"Why not? Whole families live on that much, Alyn. We can make it. We may not even have to lose the car. We can move to a smaller apartment. I looked at a nice little place for thirty dollars in the Piedmont. . . . "

"I won't!" said Alyn flatly. "I'll do everything else, but I won't move out of this apartment. I've spent four hundred dollars on the floors alone and fifty dollars for draperies. They'll never fit another window. Families!" she finished contemptuously. "You mean people who have no pride, no breeding. Persons! John, I will not live in poverty," she said with finality.

(*To be continued*)

HAIL UTAH

Beatrice F. Stevens

(New University of Utah Alma Mater Song)

Hail Utah, hail to thee,
With joy we sing thy praise,
To thee, dear Alma Mater,
Our grateful voices raise;
Noble thy destiny
And worthy thine acclaim,
Treasured in memory
Thy loved and honored name.

Long may thy beacon tower
O'er-look the inland sea,
Below the snow-capped mountains
Shine out in majesty;
Long may thy light shine forth,
Give vision clear and bright,
Ever to conquer wrong
And foster truth and right.

A Doctor Challenges Alcohol

T. J. Howells, M.D.

Health Commissioner, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Member of Utah State Board of Health

I AM tired of making alibis for alcohol. I am sick of signing death certificates when the real villain behind the scene is whiskey. I make no apologies for alcohol. It is a drug, a poison. It has a definite place in medicine and in industry, but it was never intended to be used as a beverage.

Some months ago, on the operating table in the Emergency hospital lay a young man. A police officer held an arm and kept the boy on the table. He was a fine-looking fellow in his early twenties, and a boy that any man would be proud to call "son." His girl companion was across the hall in the morgue. It was an automobile accident, and she was dead when the officers arrived upon the scene. The boy suffered from a rather large scalp wound, a few broken ribs and other minor injuries. It was evident from his actions that he was only partly conscious because of incoherent statements he was making and a rather low, muttering delirium that came from his lips. It took only a casual examination to reveal the fact that it was neither pain nor shock that caused this unconsciousness, but that it was the delirium of alcohol. Interesting is the fact that later in court witnesses testified that his girl companion did not drink.

I am sick of caring for accidents, alleviating pain, patching people up, attending at the bedside of the dying, trying to comfort friends and relatives when the reason behind the tragedy is the drug and poison of alcohol.

The law requires that after every death, violent or natural, a certificate must be made out by the attending physician. This important document is filed and often appears in court. It must give both the main cause of death and, wherever possible, name the contributing cause, also.

During the last few years, I have signed several such death certificates where the car had failed to make the curve, the car ran into a truck, or the driver missed the bridge. They were all accidents contributing to the death of young people who were riding in automobiles. The death certificate read: "fractured skull," "internal injuries," or a "broken back," and the contributing cause of death read, and correctly so in each case, "automobile accident." And while it did not appear upon the record, yet each casualty was definitely traceable to the effects of the drug, alcohol.

WE'VE done a good job in America with the drugs, morphine, codine, and heroin, and yet they were never as dangerous as alcohol. Today, you rarely see on the streets a drug habitue, and yet each morning's paper brings you the news of a disaster following some brain befuddled with alcohol while the toe rests upon the accelerator of a 95-horsepower automobile.

It is sad that the young people

of America have not yet learned in all of their study of chemistry that they cannot mix alcohol and gasoline. I am sorry they cannot see that the contributing cause in this great chapter of automobile accidents is too often "a couple of drinks." It is high time that we should strip this "killer" of its dangerous romance, its alluring garb, and pin the blame where it belongs, and show it up for what it is—a drug and a poison.

It is an indictment against the American people that some of our smartest magazines carry advertisements of alluring and deceiving propaganda for this national "killer." I apologize to youth that artists paint deceiving pictures and that nature-fakers and would-be athletes receive money for lying testimonials as to the value of this drug as a beverage.

In the hospital room of the county jail recently, four young men, seventeen years of age, were confined and awaiting sentence for killing pedestrians while driving automobiles. Two of the young men admitted and showed evidence of drinking whiskey. There was some question about the third, and the fourth, beyond a doubt, was sober.

I have felt that young men are generally better drivers than the old, that there is quicker coordination between the muscles and brain of youth, than of age, and that, therefore, they are safer drivers. This poison, alcohol, slows the coordination of the brain and muscles; and the fact that four young men were at the mercy of the court awaiting judgment for having killed pedestrians is surely a challenge against this drug and the driving of youth. Because of the peculiar nervous mechanism and a certain instability, youth is more susceptible to the action and effects of whiskey.

We have been slow to convict our drunken drivers, but now with the aid of the Drunkometer and the Laboratory's determination of the amount of alcohol in the blood, we are convicting more than 90 per cent of them. Part of the remaining 10 per cent are proved guilty by the disaster that follows in the wake of their wild rides.

I can prove by hospital records, and without fear of contradiction, that 80 per cent of the fatal automobile accidents occurring in America are due to this drug circulating in the blood and brain of young people, too often indifferent, overprivileged and trying to show off.

"THERE is nothing so hard and difficult as driving a racing automobile against time. On the Salt Flats in Utah, hour after hour, alone and locked in, I have endured this grueling test, the temperature in the car almost boiling, with mirage by day and flares by night to confuse and deceive me. Last summer I broke 84 world records under these conditions. I attribute my endurance to the fact that I have never tasted either tobacco or alcohol." (Signed) Ab Jenkins, (Racing Mayor of Salt Lake City, Utah.)

Gardens and Gardening

Luella N. Adams

Relief Society General Board Member

Thank God for a garden, be it ever so small;
Thank God for the sunshine that comes flooding it all;
Thank God for the flowers, for the rain and the dew;
Thank God for the summer that brings me to you.

BLESSED is the person who has an appreciation for all of earth's precious gifts. That person's life has thus been enriched and made happy. Heaven's gifts cannot be monopolized. Rich, poor, young and old can enjoy the sunshine and rain, flowers, birds and trees. Gardens are as old as the earth, and fortunate indeed is the person who has one, be it ever so small. We beautify the earth, make our homes and communities more attractive, and while doing this we receive physical, spiritual and cultural rewards. For real exhilaration of body and soul, get out at down when the dew is still on the flowers, when the birds are singing overhead and the air is laden with perfume, and enjoy the peace of the garden and close communion with nature.

The gardener feels close to her Maker. She is dependent upon Him for the good earth, the rain and sunshine. To plant a seed and watch it grow into a lovely blossom is a miracle. Who can gaze upon an exquisite rose, smell its fragrant perfume, feel the touch of its velvety petal, and doubt that there is a Creator. A warden in a prison said, "The men who work in the gardens seldom, if ever, give trouble."

Everyone loves a pleasant home surrounded with the beauty that can come only from flowers, shrubs and trees. The first step in making a new garden, or in remaking or adding to the one we have, is to do some real planning. Study the catalogues. Summer gardens are made in January. What is the purpose of our garden, and what will it include? The house, size of lot, and location will help to determine this. The small garden, well planned and well kept, is much more desirable than a large one carelessly laid out and neglected.

Some gardeners have a notebook that they keep available at all times. Mistakes in gardening are jotted down, so that they will not be repeated. There may be a bare spot that must be planted for another summer, or some plants may be too tall or may clash in color with others. A noted English author says: "Some people say flowers never clash. I should like them to have heard what a certain geranium of my acquaintance said to a neighboring fuchsia last spring."

The design of a garden is as important as the flowers and shrubs it contains. Keep it natural looking. Do not plant in straight rows unless the garden is formal. Inexperienced gardeners invariably crowd too much. Allowance for growth should be considered. It is never too

LUELLA ADAMS ENJOYS HER GARDEN
(Photograph, Courtesy Deseret News)

late to rearrange where mistakes have been made. An expanse of well-kept lawn gives the impression of spaciousness.

Neighboring surroundings are one of the important and often serious problems in beautifying homes. No matter how fine your garden and landscaping are, the effect may be ruined by old, unpainted buildings, broken-down fences, or unkempt, unsightly yards next door. Cooperation of all neighbors is essential in making a neat, attractive neighborhood. Now that there is a state and church-wide movement for beautification, surely every home owner is "beautification conscious."

IF possible, have at least one part of the garden private. The family will enjoy an outdoor living room screened from view where they can relax and eat a meal or entertain their friends.

Provided there is space, every home should have trees. They lend atmosphere and dignity, provide shade, and furnish a background and a screen. Choose them very carefully, for they will stand as a monument long after the planter has passed on. Visualize your trees twenty years hence and make allowance for growth. Hardwood trees are preferable. They are longer lived, sturdier, and will not break so readily. Maples, hawthornes, locusts, European Linden, London Plane, Golden Chain and cut-leaved Weeping Birch are among the best. The boxelder, which is so common in Utah and Idaho, has served a fine purpose in the past. However, in

most sections it has outlived its usefulness. It is unshapely, sends out out-shoots, drops many seeds and harbors boxelder bugs. The pollen of the boxelder also causes hay-fever, a serious affliction in this region. Mr. Rufus Johnson, Salt Lake City tree warden, says that boxelders cause much trouble among neighbors when planted along boundary lines and ditches, because they grow out of bounds and trespass on the neighbor's premises.

Evergreens are indispensable in a well-planned garden. They are ideal for foundation planting, because they remain green all winter and do not grow out of bounds. Junipers and arborvitae are splendid where tall planting is required, at entrances to doors or by windows. Pfitzers and Sabina Junipers never grow tall, but spread over quite an area and are desirable for low planting under windows, by steps, etc. Coniferous evergreens, spruces, firs, and pines, grow very large in time, and are best used along borders and back in the lot where they have ample room to grow. There are a few broad-leafed evergreens that thrive in our locality and which add to any landscaping, such as Pyracantha, which has red berries in the fall and winter, Oregon Grape, Catoneaster, and Barberry. Evergreens should be planted very early in the spring while it is still cool. By all means plant evergreens. They cost more than deciduous trees, but their beauty all during the year justifies the additional expense. However, it is not necessary to plant them all the first year. Get a pair for the entrance to your yard or arrange for a grouping and add others as you can.

Flowering trees—cherry, peach, crab, and Paul's Scarlet Hawthorne —that have now been so perfected and improved, enhance any garden.

Vines, such as grape, Hall's Honeysuckle, Boston Ivy, and the Silver Lace Vine, are indispensable for covering fences, walls, old buildings, or trellises.

Shrubs are so important in our landscaping that no garden is complete without them. Once planted, they are a joy forever. The hardy lilac lasts for generations, requires no special soil and is a faithful bloomer. Lilac planting for a community project would do much toward beautifying our towns. Plant the improved French Lilacs. Bridal Wreath is another favorite. Syringa, Philadelphus Virginalis (mock orange), a pure-white double, is a heavenly thing in June. Its blossoms are so fragrant that a single spray will perfume a room. We should never forget shrubs and trees that bear berries for the birds, such as the Russian Mulberry and Tartarian Honeysuckle.

Every yard should have roses, if only a few. The fewer grown, the more choice they should be. Nothing can take the place of these aristocrats. Many of the old standard roses are fine and inexpensive. However, new improved ones are appearing on the market every year. At first, the new ones are quite costly. It is a splendid custom for friends to exchange slips. There is sentiment attached to a rose that one has raised from a tiny slip given him by a dear friend. Some of the new favorites are the Doctor, Eternal Youth, Dainty Bess, Dickson's Red, Rex Anderson, Eclipse, Will Rog-

ers, and Matador. Ever-blooming Floribunda roses are very popular. They are prolific bloomers, making a mass of color all summer. These should be planted in groups, among shrubs or along borders. World's Fair, Permanent Wave and Anne Poulsen climbing roses are splendid when planted in the right place.

THE garden that is well planned will have a maximum of blooming flowers all summer. Thought is required to keep continuous blooms, especially during the hot months. Real garden enthusiasts are those who look ahead, who work and plan. They don't get discouraged when the weeds begin to grow and the days get hot.

Annuals assure continuous blooms throughout the summer. Don't fail to invest in a few packages of seeds.[1] Gladiola bulbs planted at different times and blooming at intervals of a few weeks are desirable.

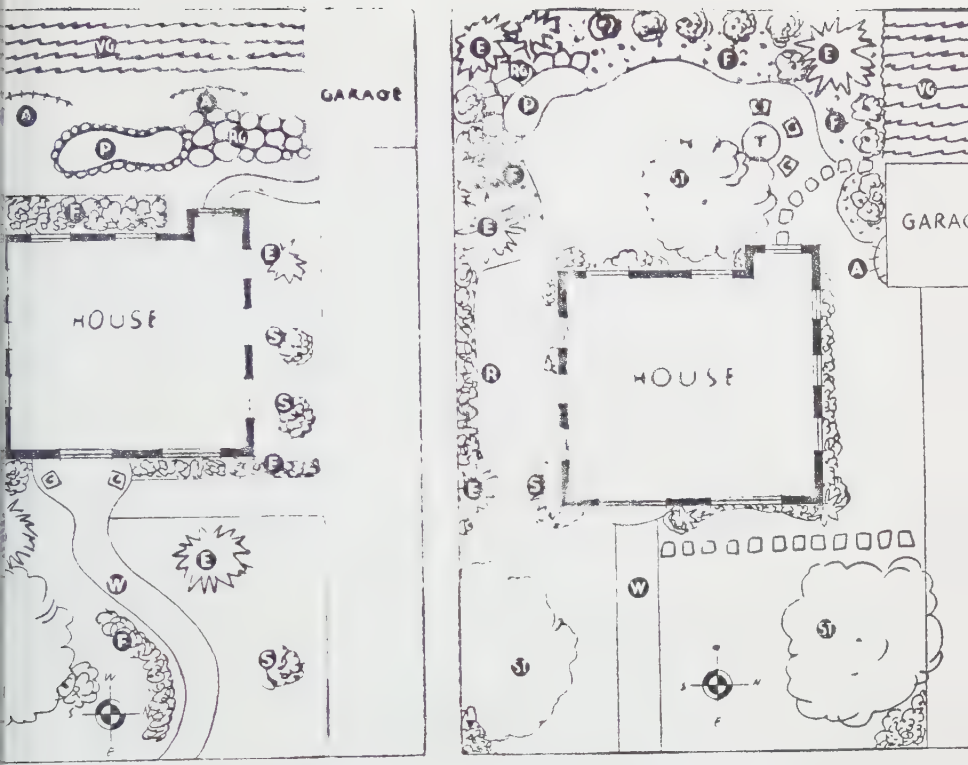
Perennials are invaluable in any garden. The following faithfully present their blooms in the spring time year after year: the crocus, primrose, forget-me-not, bleeding heart, mertensia (the old-fashioned bluebell), and pansies, which are being improved every year. All that pansies require is loamy soil, plenty of water, and frequent picking. Spring time is tulip time, and what beautiful effects are possible if bulbs are planted with care! Groupings in front of shrubs, by steps, or long drifts along foundations are preferred. Tulip bulbs can be put in various places throughout the garden to brighten it. Be careful to combine the right colors, using those that complement each other.

Flowers that will thrive in the shade are always in demand. Some of these are phlox, lily of the valley, columbine, which has an attractive foliage all summer, and Sweet Woodruff, a white, delicately-scented flower, that will do well under trees. By all means include iris—Siberian, Japanese, and German. German Iris is a hardy, dependable, beautiful flower that cannot be overrated. Resolve to add a new iris each year. The tuberous-rooted begonia is a shade-loving flower that is becoming very popular. The delicate, waxy blooms come in various shades. The bulbs are started inside in pots, then transplanted after all danger of frost is past. These must have absolute shade. Pots may be sunk in the ground.

We would all do well to grow more white flowers. They give the impression of size, blend well with other plants, and look cool and refreshing. Some beautiful white flowers are: snapdragons, candytuft, phlox, Madonna Lilies, petunias and alyssum.

The Japanese Anemone brings the spirit of spring in September. It likes morning sun and does well in loamy soil and well-rotted manure. Anemone roots spread and will soon furnish many plants. These flowers come in pink, lavender and pure white and, growing on long, strong stems, they are splendid for cut flowers. Don't fail to plant them. Chrysanthemums are another favorite of autumn. Great strides are being made in their development, so keep up to date.

[1] See "From Seed-Packets to Blossoming Flowers," by Hazel D. Moyle, *Relief Society Magazine*, April, 1940, p. 217.



Identical lots and houses are shown above, but that on the left is planted with no plan nor forethought, while that on the right shows all the material in the other garden arranged for beauty, use and charm. The legend for both sketches is: A—trellis, C—chair, E—evergreen, F—flowers, P—pool, R—roses, RG—rock garden, S—shrubs, ST—shade tree, V—vegetable garden, T—table, W—walk. (Sketch, Courtesy *Maud Chegwidden and Salt Lake Tribune.*)

THE rock garden will be a great addition to any garden if built and planted correctly. Follow the dictates of nature—be natural. The rocks must be practically covered with soil. Too often they have the appearance of just a pile of rocks. Sabina Juniper, Mugho Pine, and the prostrate growing shrubs which are hardy and graceful are appropriate for rock gardens. Purple Aubrietia Alyssum, columbine, violas, forget-me-nots, tulips, and numerous other plants are suitable.

The lily pool affords a point of interest. If you cannot afford a large one, just sink a tub in the earth, plant your lilies and add a few goldfish for interest. Water-lilies thrive best in rather murky water.

By all means make room for an herb garden. They are valuable for their sweet smells, savory odors, and as seasoning for food. Parsley, mint, chives, sage or horse-radish, growing close to the kitchen door, are most useful. Lavender has a purple flower and is used in making sachet. Lemon Verbena, Bergamot, and Spicy Pink are old favorites.

Fortunate is the family that has access to a vegetable garden. Vegetables taste so good when they are fresh.

If you live in a hot, dry locality, have a cacti garden. They are beautiful and very interesting. There are over five hundred known varieties of cacti.

Yes, everyone should have a garden. Make the most of your surroundings and conditions. There are lovely shrubs and plants suited to every locality. Plant what will thrive; get the joy and satisfaction that comes from growing things. Make gardening your hobby. Surprises and satisfaction will await you every day. The seed you planted may have sent a tiny shoot toward the sunlight or a bud may have burst into bloom.

Your garden will always be a peaceful retreat.

MY FRIENDLY GARDEN

Della Adams Leitner

My garden is a friendly place,
And, oh, so neighborly;
Folks stop to chat awhile and show
Their comradship with me.

We love to talk about the flowers,
And oftentimes we find
Some other bonds of interest—
A kindredship of mind.

Here in exchange of new ideas
And better ways to do,
Are seeds of happy friendships sown
That bear their blossoms, too.

The understanding flowers respond
To all the care I give,
And so my garden shows me how
The friendly life to live.

Out Of The Darkness

Edith Smith Elliott

Relief Society General Board Member

"Through faith I create the world I gaze upon, I make my own day and night, tint the clouds with iridescent fires, and behold! midnight is strewn with stars."—*Helen Keller.*

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother took me to hear and see Helen Keller. She appeared in the Assembly Hall on Temple Square, where her teacher and companion told us that Miss Keller was born down in Alabama, a perfectly normal child. When the baby was only nineteen months old, she was stricken with a severe illness which left her sightless and deaf, and because she could hear no speech or sound, she was unable to imitate either. The only way she could communicate with her family was through motions. She learned early to smack her lips when she wanted candy.

When Helen was six and one-half years old, Anne Sullivan of Boston went to her home to see if she could help the child. A great affection grew up between them, and Miss Sullivan gained the little girl's confidence, which made the teaching and learning more simple.

As the child could neither see, hear, nor speak, Miss Sullivan gave her a lovely doll and had her feel it carefully. Then in the language of the deaf, she spelled out "D-O-L-L" on Helen's hand. In this way she taught her the names of objects.

After Miss Keller had mastered the sign language and had learned to read Braille, Miss Sullivan explained to Helen that *she* spoke with her lips and made sounds with her voice. Helen then wondered if she could learn to speak this way. So she placed her fingers on Miss Sullivan's lips and felt the vibrations of her nose and throat as she spoke, and by some miracle of interpretation learned to say "it." She was an apt student, so eager to learn, and as time went on, she managed to say a whole sentence. She ran to her parents and said, "I'm not dumb now!"

Miss Keller has had a splendid education. She is a graduate of Radcliffe College and holds the degree, "Doctor of Philosophy." Alexander Graham Bell took a great interest in Miss Keller's achievements and set up a trust fund in her name so that she could continue her educational activities.

When Miss Sullivan died, a new companion was found for Miss Keller. She is Miss Polly Thomson, a most gracious, charming, intelligent, Scotch-born lady. She is devoted to Miss Keller and is very proud of her accomplishments.

I DON'T know of anything that has impressed me more than the evening I spent at that Helen Keller lecture. All through my girlhood, when obstacles came my way, I said to myself, "If Helen Keller has been able to overcome so many handicaps, surely I can master this situation." This thought has given me both faith and courage. She has helped all mankind similarly, whether they have met her personally or just read

HELEN KELLER RECEIVES BOOK OF MORMON IN BRAILLE FROM PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

(Photograph, Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune)

or heard about this remarkable character.

I have now been given added strength to face life's sorrows and feel more appreciatively life's joys because I have had the privilege of meeting and visiting with Helen Keller. Mrs. Belle S. Spafford, our *Relief Society Magazine* editor, and I, went by appointment to call on

Miss Keller and tell her about some of the interesting accomplishments and present activities of our National Woman's Relief Society. We were greeted with a warm welcome by both Miss Keller and her companion, Miss Thomson, and we spent a happy hour in pleasant conversation.

I told Miss Keller how happy I was to meet her personally and of the lasting influence she had had on my life. She was pleased to hear this and laughed heartily when I told her that I had never forgotten the beautiful pink dress she wore that night years ago. She said, "I loved the dress, too. I chose it myself." We had another good laugh when I reminded her that following the lecture the audience had been invited to ask questions. A gentleman had asked if she could tell color. Her answer had been, "Well, I can tell when I feel blue or when I'm in the pink and when I have a greenback in my hand." I am sure that this precious sense of humor has been a big help to her as well as to those who have shared in her wit.

Miss Keller was delighted with our Relief Society work, and paid high tribute to the Mormon women. She was thrilled and stirred by the courage and faith of the pioneer women who sacrificed so much to come to a desolate, barren valley and build new homes and rear families. She said, "If that faith and courage of the pioneer women can be carried on from generation to generation, it will be the force that will keep Utah young." She commented on the physical and mental strength of our first women settlers and hoped that these qualities would be lasting, so that succeeding generations will bear strong children capable of building a great America. She had an unusually fine background of Utah history and a wholesome admiration for the great pioneer leader, Brigham Young.

We told Miss Keller of our Relief Society motto, "Charity Never Faileth," and she said, "Yes, if your charity is accompanied by love." She went on to explain that charity in our day has become hard and unfeeling—just a dole. She was delighted that the Relief Society had maintained the old, the real, and the simple meaning of charity.

She thanked us for the beautiful and unusual bouquet of flowers that our organization sent to her on her arrival in Salt Lake City. Mary Grant Judd selected it, and chose flowers of unusual shape and texture, believing that they would appeal to Miss Keller's sense of touch. Miss Keller appreciated the thoughtfulness and sent the following letter of thanks to the Relief Society general office:

"The floral beauty with which you have in such a lavish manner emblazoned my visit to Salt Lake City makes me feel how far words lag behind gratitude of the heart. There are so many to thank for blossom-laden baskets, each of which has a touching association or a happy memory for me to carry away! I can only tell you that these singularly varied and exquisite tokens of your good-will not only towards me but also towards my blind fellows, remembered, will keep my courage strong for whatever tasks I may find to fulfill.

"Gratefully saluting you and Salt Lake City, which I am proud to count among the standard-bearers in the work for the blind, I am

"Cordially yours,
(signed) Helen Keller."

Another gift that Miss Keller received with enthusiasm was the *Book*

of Mormon in Braille, prepared in seven volumes, presented by President Heber J. Grant. She expressed sincere appreciation for this gift.

Mrs. Spafford explained the purpose of our Mormon Handicraft project. Miss Keller was greatly interested and commented upon the value of this activity in preserving the arts and crafts of all nations represented in our Relief Society membership. She was glad to hear that a Shop was maintained to serve as an exchange for the handicraft of Mormon people.

We enjoyed her observations on national and international affairs. Her great hope was that the present war would not take women backward. She is proud of the accomplishments of women and reminisced on their activities in all fields of endeavor, particularly in suffrage. She admired the stamina of the British women during this trying time and plead for loyalty to our own Government.

DR. HELEN KELLER came to Salt Lake at the request of several Utah societies interested in the blind. She lectured in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, March 12, 1941. An enthusiastic and appreciative audience greeted her. Part of the funds from her lecture are to be used to continue the employment of Miss Alice Vick, who is sightless, deaf and speechless, but who, under the expert and inspirational teaching of Irene Jones, has learned to read and write in Braille. Miss Vick is employed to transcribe from a master copy, current information as well as other types of reading material. This copy is sent from a center for the blind, located in California. The transcribed material is then made available to the local blind. Besides the financial help which this employment gives to Miss Vick, it also provides her the satisfaction of helping others who are deprived of their sight. A portion of the funds raised from Miss Keller's lecture will remain here for other projects for the blind and a specified percentage will go to the American Foundation for the Blind, Inc., in New York, under whose auspices she was obtained. Miss Keller refused any compensation for her part in the project, thus proving what a sincere philanthropist she really is.

I think one has to meet Helen Keller to really appreciate her many gifts. Each morning she begins her day by reading the Scriptures, in which she is well versed. When at home, she walks for a while in her garden, "Thus," as she expressed herself, "I begin the day with two communions"—one with her Heavenly Father and the other with nature. She believes that if people would read the Scriptures more often and do more walking in gardens, our world would be a happier place in which to live.

She radiates love and affection. She is vivacious and has a deep sense of appreciation for everything. She accepts the challenges of life with gladness and sees in each one an opportunity for greater self-mastery. Her keen intellect and her quaint way of expressing her ideas made our interview something long to be remembered. Through contact with her, one experiences in himself a rebirth of faith, hope and courage.

HAPPENINGS

Annie Wells Cannon

Behold! There is a rainbow in the sky,
The Earth awakens from its lethargy.

FORTY years ago this April, a group of choice women organized a society named The Daughters of Utah Pioneers. The objects: to perpetuate the memory of their courageous ancestors, the pioneers of Utah; to preserve landmarks; to gather and preserve historical and biographical records; and eventually to erect a fitting memorial, a symbolical shrine, a temple of art, which would serve the needs of the society. Today this last dream is on the threshold of fulfillment, for Governor Herbert B. Maw has signed a measure, passed by the state legislature, granting a choice piece of property for the site of such a memorial.

NATALIE WALES LATHAM, socialite, opened a shop in New York to distribute yarn to women knitters for aid to Britain. Like magic, other centers opened, and within three months 900,000 garments were shipped, while hundreds of garments are still coming in for shipment.

GRACE MOORE, now a Metropolitan star, is being urged to return to pictures. Will her art yield to the golden lure?

MRS. J. G. FALCK of Ogden, Utah, for her outstanding patriotism, was presented recently with two testimonials by the United States Flag Association—"The Patriotic Service Cross" and a life membership in the association.

OSA HELEN JOHNSON, world-famed traveler and hunter of big game, writer and lecturer, was recently married to Clark H. Getts, her business manager.

ANGELA THIRKELL'S latest novel, "Cheerfulness Breaks In," which the *London Times* calls "her latest confection," is another fair sample of the courage of the gifted English women who, through humor, are giving some brightness to the gloom of the hour. Jan Struthers is now in America discussing her famous heroine, "Mrs. Miniver."

EVE CURIE, with other French citizens abroad, is likely to lose her nationality through a Vichy Government decree against citizens who are lecturing in America.

QUEEN ELIZABETH is playing an heroic role during these war days in England. Smiling and sweetly feminine, she visits hospitals, barracks, police stations, and evacuees' billets, bestowing gifts and cheering words, especially upon children.

GINGER ROGERS said, "This is the happiest moment of my life," as she received the Hollywood Academy Award for her outstanding work in moving pictures.

PEARL BUCK'S, "Today and Forever," "No Stone Unturned," by Josephine Lawrence, "The Blue Cloak," by Temple Bailey, and "By Way of the Silverthorns," by Grace Livingston Hill, are some of the interesting new books by women.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
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Vol. 28 APRIL, 1941 No. 4

EDITORIAL

Understanding Hearts

"I CAN tell you this, because you'll understand." These are words which we both hear and speak upon certain occasions. They are words which imply the capacity to comprehend, the ability to appreciate, and the capability to form reasoned judgments; they are words which infer a confidence in one's ability to see a situation in all its ramifications and to arrive at wise and just conclusions; they are words which indicate a faith in a sympathetic, understanding heart.

How many of us really have "understanding hearts" when approached by a friend or neighbor? How many of us have a friend or neighbor with an "understanding heart" to whom we may unburden our souls in times of stress? The "understanding heart" is the great alleviator of vexation, worry and distress. Just to recite the trivial irritations of the day into a sympathetic ear will often clear away the annoyance and leave one undisturbed, while the more serious problems of life are almost insurmountable without the assistance that comes from an "understanding heart."

Whether we be young or old, rich or poor, obscure or prominent, we have need for someone who understands—someone who sees not only what we do, but why we do it; someone who is acquainted with our motives as well as our conduct; someone who appreciates the obstacles we have encountered and who recognizes the struggle we have had; someone who fully comprehends all that is involved in our situation and consequently has a tolerant, sympathetic attitude toward us; someone who has compassion for our weaknesses and who recognizes our strengths and appreciates our achievements.

Who does not value the "understanding heart"? Yet how much does any one of us really try to cultivate it within himself? We are complimented when people say, "You are so understanding." Yet we make little conscious effort to develop this desirable trait. We are not sensitive to all that another is up against; we fail to recognize all that is involved in his situation; we are too frequently biased, prejudiced or otherwise unfair; we do not take

time to learn another's problems or to hear his story through. The greatest obstacle to understanding, however, is usually our own selfish interests and ambitions. Our vision is obscured by our own purposes, and we lose the larger view.

The life of the Savior is a recital of perfect understanding. He understood the Samaritan woman and the woman taken in adultery; He understood Mary and Martha. In the selection of His apostles He evidenced perfect understanding, not only of the men and their capabilities, but of the needs of the people to whom they must minister. His final scene on the cross is the superb example of perfect understanding: "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. Then said Jesus, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' "

The Prophet Joseph was concerned lest Relief Society women should lack understanding, and through this lack lose fellowship with one another. He said: "It grieves me that there is no fuller fellowship; . . . by union of feeling, we obtain power with God." Union of feeling comes in no other way than through understanding.

When time and experience have declared the worth of anything, why not exert ourselves to make it ours? While some people seem to be born with greater capacity to understand than are others, kinship of experience and conscious effort are twins which will open the doors of understanding to anyone. Experience comes with living, but effort is dependent upon ourselves alone. Why not put forth effort? Why not occasionally go behind the scenes and see what makes the play progress? Then we would better understand the actor's rendition of his lines. Why not endeavor to learn the problems which confront our fellowmen? Why not pause to lend a listening ear to a neighbor in distress? Why not seriously strive to gain an "understanding heart"? In Proverbs we are admonished: ". . . with all thy getting, get understanding."

Lack of understanding erects barriers and impedes progress; understanding generates love and furthers accomplishment. Of all organizations in the world, Relief Society should be an organization of "understanding hearts."

"SWEET indeed is human sympathy; the warm hand-clasp of confidence and love brings a rich inflow of new strength to him who is struggling, and the knowledge that someone dear to us sees with love and comradeship our future through our eyes is a wondrous draught of new life. If we have this, perhaps the loyalty of two or three, what the world says or thinks about us should count for little. But if this be denied us, then must we bravely walk our weary way alone, toward the sunrise that must come.

"The little world around us that does not understand us, does not appreciate our ambition or sympathize with our efforts, that seem to it futile, is not intentionally cruel, callous, bitter, blind, or heartless. It is merely that, busied with its own pursuits, problems, and pleasures, it does not fully realize, does not see as we do."

—From *Great Truths*, by William George Jordan

Lula Greene Richards

APRIL 8, 1941, marks the ninety-second birthday of Lula Greene Richards, first editor of the *Woman's Exponent*. The Relief Society General Board congratulates Mrs. Richards at this time. It congratulates her that her ninety-second birthday finds her in reasonably good health, able to actively serve the Lord in His Temple; that she enjoys exceptional mental vigor; that she retains and uses her literary gift. The following poem is one of Mrs. Richard's recent literary compositions:

AFTERWHILE

(Acrostic)

Lula Greene Richards

Loved one! While you were with me, day by day,
Ere, summoned, you obedient bravely left,
Venturing upon a new, untried, mysterious way,
I had no thought of being thus bereft.

Wisdom was yours to comfort, lead and guide;
I walked and worked and worshiped at your side,
Loving, beloved, trusting and unafraid,
Learning high laws by which true lives are made.
A contest entered like a stifling dream—
Rigid and stern its bold attacks were laid;
Death posed as victor—Love still reigns supreme.

Realms of eternal light you now behold,
Intelligence not yet with me to share;
Celestial glories to your sight unfold;
Help me to wait and patiently prepare.
Angelic influence over me maintain,
Rouse me from sloth, let error not beguile.
Dearest, our troth—the prize—let us together gain—
Sweet, pure, immortal, after a little while.

"BEHOLD, blessed, saith the Lord, are they who have come up unto this land with an eye single to my glory, according to my commandments.

"For those who live shall inherit the earth, and those that die shall rest from all their labors, and their works shall follow them; and they shall receive a crown in the mansions of my Father, which I have prepared for them.

"Yea, blessed are they whose feet stand upon the land of Zion, who have obeyed my gospel; for they shall receive for their reward the good things of the earth, and it shall bring forth in its strength.

"And they shall also be crowned with blessings from above, yea . . . . they that are faithful and diligent before me."—*Doctrine and Covenants* 59:1-4)

Notes TO THE FIELD

Misuse of Library Books

A DISTURBING report has recently reached the Relief Society General Board regarding the misuse of books and periodicals belonging to public libraries. It is reported that books are being defaced by pencil marks, that the corners of pages are sometimes turned down, and in some instances entire pages are being removed. Many of these pages contain valuable reference material.

The proper care of books is important under all circumstances, but this is particularly true with regard to library books. Public library materials are provided for the benefit of the public. Books and periodicals are used many times by many people. Everyone is entitled to use them clean and undeleted. When a book is very soiled, torn, or when sections have been removed, it is not only unfit for use, but it must be replaced at the taxpayer's expense.

The facilities of public libraries are invaluable to Relief Society women both in their homes and in their organization work. The excellent materials which they supply and the courtesy of librarians are sincerely appreciated. The General Board requests that Relief Society women everywhere cooperate in every possible way to correct the misuse and destruction of library materials. There is no finer way to express appreciation for the valuable service rendered by our public libraries than to see that great care is exercised in the use of the excellent materials which they provide.

Relief Society Magazine Referred To In Retail Journal

MENTION of the *Relief Society Magazine* in publications other than our own is always of interest to us. In an article entitled, "Meet Forty Top-Notch Sales People," by O. Preston Robinson, published in the February, 1941, issue of the *Journal of Retailing*, a publication of the New York University School of Retailing, is the following paragraph:

"Unquestionably, many shoppers in retail stores have been forced to the conclusion that salesmanship is a form of pressure used by the salesperson to encourage them to buy merchandise they do not want. Any interested observer who listens may frequently hear such comments as, 'I do not like that clerk. He tries to use salesmanship on me,' or 'The salesperson made me feel so obligated that I felt I just had to buy.' Further evidence of the fact that shoppers have associated salesmanship with pressure comes from an article which appeared a short time ago in the official magazine of one of the oldest and largest women's organizations in America.[1] The article, entitled, 'The Psychology of Meeting Sales Pressure,' discussed some of the methods of salesmanship used in stores and pointed out how shoppers could meet and overcome the salesman's insistence.

"[1]*The Relief Society Magazine*, October, 1939. Published by the General Board of The Relief Society, Salt Lake City, Utah."

This reference to *The Magazine* not only indicates that it is being widely read, but that its contents are reliable and of sufficient importance to be referred to in a periodical endeavoring to acquaint its readers with dependable up-to-date information. The General Board appreciates this recognition of *The Magazine*.

Notes FROM THE FIELD

Vera White Pohlman, General Secretary-Treasurer

Wherever the name does not readily indicate the geographical location of the stake or mission, the location of its headquarters is designated in parentheses.

Regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes from the Field" appear in the *Magazine* for April, 1940, page 275.

Special Membership Activities

Gridley Stake
(Yuba City, California)

RUTHE B. SAMSON, president of Gridley Stake Relief Society, submitted the accompanying picture of an oil painting by Phebe Carlin, member of the Relief Society stake board, which portrays the stake's membership peach tree. Each limb of the tree represents a ward or branch, and each peach a member of Relief Society. The artist adds a new peach to the picture as new members are enrolled. This painting, which measures about four feet by five feet, is displayed at union meetings.

The painting is representative of the area in which Gridley Stake is located. In the background are the Sutter Buttes, a geographical freak in the Sacramento Valley, said to be the shortest range of mountains in the world.

The Gridley Stake, which is composed of a Church population scattered through five counties, contributes to the Church welfare program by operating peach-canning centers.

Chicago Stake (Chicago, Illinois)

THE University Ward demonstrates, by means of the clever exhibit shown in the accompanying picture, the efforts to reach, by 1942, the membership goal of 100,000 members. The ladders, by means of which members of the Society climb toward higher objectives of growth

GRIDLEY STAKE MEMBERSHIP PEACH TREE

MEMBERSHIP EXHIBIT, UNIVERSITY WARD OF CHICAGO STAKE

and service and attract the enrollment of additional members, are social welfare, homemaking, visiting teaching, literature, theology and social activities. Up these ladders of endeavor, toy figures strive to carry aloft the actual numerals which will change to reality the shadowy potential membership of 100,000. Lois E. Astin is president of Relief Society in Chicago Stake, and Emma Johnson is president of the Society in the University Ward.

Carbon Stake (Price, Utah)

THE Carbon Stake Relief Society, of which Belle Johnson is president, held a reception and inspirational pageant, January 24, 1941, marking the close of a year of successful activity in the interest of increased membership with a 10 per cent gain during the year 1940, and a total increase of 60 per cent over the enrollment as of December 31, 1937. Following are excerpts from Mrs. Johnson's letter:

"We feel well satisfied with this report because we find more interest generally and a higher type of activity all over the stake, which we feel is due to closer contact during the drive and fresh ideas and talents of new members combined with the staunch faith and untiring efforts of old members. We closed our drive with a reception held January 24. The pageant was very inspira-

tional and was followed by refreshments. The stake presidency met with us and they were well satisfied with our efforts.

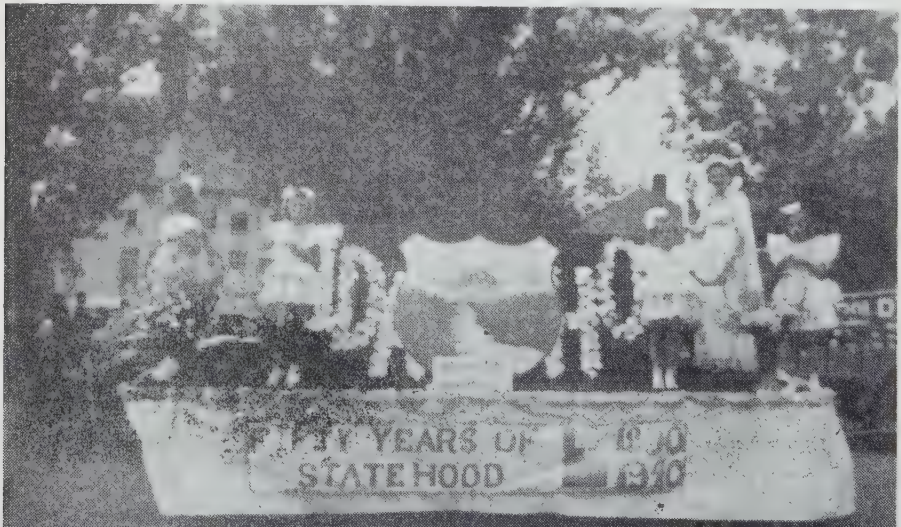
"Our theme for this year's work was taken from the 'Save the Wealth Plan' used by the General Board at the general Relief Society conference in April, 1940. We closed with a pageant based on the theme of 'Onward and Upward Toward 1942.' There were a number of skits this year sent in by ward members which we will recognize in our union meetings."

Enclosed with the letter was the full text of the pageant, and of the winning themes and skits submitted by the various wards. Also enclosed were outlines of material presented at the monthly union meetings in the membership workers' department, giving indication of the enthusiasm and thoroughness with which this stake has planned its enlistment work and followed up its initial efforts. These outlines are outstanding for their comprehensive approach to the assignment of building membership and for their recognition of the value of cooperation, not only of membership workers and officers, but of every enrolled member of the Society. The plans also emphasize means of stimulating the attendance of enrolled members, furthering acquaintanceship, and the importance of friendliness and sociability. In fact, the officers attribute much success to so simple an expedient as general adoption of the parting greeting, "See you next Tuesday." The various wards of the stake have shown considerable ingenuity in their development of local programs for enlisting the interest of prospective members and stimulating attendance at Relief Society meetings.

Yellowstone Stake
(St. Anthony, Idaho)

THE first outstanding event of the 1940-41 Relief Society season in Yellowstone Stake, where Ellen J. Murri is stake president of Relief Society, was a stake membership party held on the banks of the river. The program, which was entirely original, included songs and poems composed by members. Four prizes were awarded, as follows: a one-year sub-

YELLOWSTONE STAKE FLOAT WON FIRST PRIZE



scription to the *Relief Society Magazine* to the member who had traveled the greatest distance (35 miles) to attend the party; a one-year subscription to the *Relief Society Magazine* to the mother with the most daughters present who were enrolled members of Relief Society; a one-year subscription to the oldest member present; and one of the literature course books to the ward with the most prospective members in attendance.

Membership parties were also held in wards on the first Tuesday in October, where the coming year's work was presented through the medium of original skits.

An original pageant, "What Membership in the Relief Society Means to Us," written by Ada B. Christenson, was presented as a feature of the Relief Society conference held in each ward of the stake.

An interesting achievement of the Yellowstone Stake Relief Society during the past year was the float entered in the Pioneer Day parade, July 24, commemorating "Fifty Years of Statehood" for Idaho, which won first prize.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

Ida R. Alldredge

Dear children of ours, I wish I could tell you
The joy that we feel when success comes your way,
The thrill that it brings when good fortune befalls you,
The depth of our feelings on this Mother's Day.
We know that your problems are varied and many
And sometimes the goal that you seek seems too high,
But still we have faith that you'll keep right on climbing,
The heights you'll attain in the sweet by-and-by.

Dear children of ours, our sons and our daughters,
How oft we would shield you from evil forseen
Or lend you the vision matured through experience,
But still you must tread where our footsteps have been.
Perhaps in God's infinite wisdom and mercy
He sends you forth into the thick of the fray
When we, with less vision, would fear for your safety
And cramp your activities day after day.

If you will remember that through your attainments
We live and rejoice, but when you slip we fail,
You'll double your efforts and plant your feet firmly
And keep right on climbing life's venturesome trail.
God grant that you'll reap where the harvest is heavy
And cast from your life all the tares in your way,
That you may live richer and better than we have,
Is the wish of your mothers on this "Mother's Day."

Make-Believe Mother or Mother For A Day

Vaunee T. Larson

THE school bell shrilly tolled the noon hour in Middleton. Miss Martin stuck her knitting needles into the ball of blue yarn and dropped it into her knitting case. Then she took her usual noon-time seat in the rocker before her front parlor window. She parted the stiffly-starched lace curtains ever so slightly and peered out expectantly. Soon the children would pass by her house on their way home from school. For years and years it seemed, she had been watching them go by. None ever came in. Hardly anyone else in town ever came in either, unless they came to ask for a donation for this or that, since she was the richest woman in the town—the whole county for that matter. Her sensitive spirit had been hurt time after time by the attitude of people toward her. In reality, she wished to help with all their charities, yet because she believed it was her money people wanted more than her friendship, she had withdrawn herself from them. She rarely ever left the silent, dim, old-fashioned house where she lived alone with a couple of faithful servants. The children she watched today were daughters and sons of children she had watched this selfsame way years before.

How excited and happy the children were today. This was the Friday before Mother's Day, and the grade school was having its annual Mother's Day program, just as it had done years before when she herself went to the Middleton grade school. She hadn't been to a school program since she graduated, and today she wished, more than anything else, that she could attend. Of course, anybody could go who wanted to, but it was chiefly attended by the children themselves and the mothers and friends they invited. It was a tradition that each child be represented, if not by his mother, at least by a relative or friend. Silly of her to even think of going. She would be the last person in town anyone would invite. If only that Mrs. Davis, chairman of the school lunchroom committee, hadn't been so inquisitive when she came with the other committee members to ask for a donation, she would gladly have given even a greater amount than they asked. Then today she would be attending the program as an honored guest. My, but the children were happy about their few extra hours holiday! Miss Martin knew they had until 2:30 that afternoon to get scrubbed and into their best clothes and back to school in time for the program.

DORTHEA DIANA JONES, eleven and one-half years old, was distinctly not one of the happy children this noon hour. She was walking rapidly, all but running, ahead of a group of girls who were taunting her unmercifully. Julia Lee Davis, a beautiful golden-haired girl, seemed to be leading the chant

"Dorthea can't take anyone; Dorthea can't take anyone. Can you Dorthea?"

"Who'd be her guest today, I'd like to know," Julia Lee shouted. "My mother says she and that uncle she lives with are just—just 'derelicks.'"

This last jibe goaded Dorthea beyond her endurance. True, she and Uncle Pete were the poorest people in the town, but they were good people, and not "derelicks"—whatever that was. She turned to Julia Lee, "Listen, you be still. I am taking a guest. She's my make-believe mother."

Then she wished she had not said it, for there was no one she knew whom she could invite. If she went back on her boast, the girls would never forget it, and they would make life even more miserable for her.

"Who'll it be? Rich Miss Martin?" the girls laughed.

Dorthea kept silent. At the corner she turned and walked slowly down the street, thinking of the enormity of the falsehood she had told.

HATTIE was serving lunch to her mistress when the ancient doorbell sounded long and loud. This rare occurrence so excited Miss Martin that she jumped up quickly. "Never mind, Hattie, I'll see who it is."

A pigtailed, freckled-faced little girl in a faded gingham dress was contemplating the bell seriously when Miss Martin opened the door. Dorthea had not expected to see such a small, pretty lady. Had Dorthea been older and more experienced, she might have likened Miss Martin to a dainty Dresden-China lady.

"Are . . . are you Miss Martin?" the girl asked in an awed tone.

"Yes," came the pleasant reply.

"Well, I'm Dorthea Diana Jones, and I've come to ask a favor of you."

"Well, child, come in and tell me what it is you want."

"You see, I have no real mother to invite to our school party this afternoon. I thought if you weren't too busy maybe you'd be my make-believe mother and go with me."

There was such a tense, pleading look in the upturned face of the child that Miss Martin was not surprised to hear herself reply: "Why, yes, Dorthea, you come by for me, and I'll be glad to go."

As an afterthought, Dorthea added wistfully, "Of course, it isn't a real party—there won't be any refreshments, but I think you'll like the program."

Miss Martin knew about Dorthea and her uncle, Pete Jones. Dorthea's uncle, had had a hard time getting steady work, though Hattie's husband said he was a good hand. Miss Martin mused a moment as she watched Dorthea run happily out through the gate. She believed tomorrow she would offer Pete Jones a steady job as her gardener. It wouldn't hurt to spruce up her lawn and shrubs a bit. He and Dorthea could live in the servant's sunny quarters over the old carriage house, too. It would be nice to have the child around—she was so bright looking.

THE children were seated by grades on the front rows of seats in the auditorium. Julia Lee Davis,

whispering excitedly, was the center of an admiring group of girls. "Guess smarty Dorthea Jones was afraid to come this afternoon." Then she stopped, surprised, for seated at the end of the row was Dorthea, proud and calm. "Who came with you?" the girls whispered, and then giggled cruelly.

"You'll see," came the surprising answer.

The program started promptly at 2:30. One by one, each child presented a poem or monologue to the assembled group and received the thundering plaudits of friends. Julia Lee was the only one to stumble through her lines. It seemed to her the only person she could see was Dorthea, who wasn't scared at all and sat there the whole time, smiling.

Then it came Dorthea's turn. She was the very last one on the program. Her teacher had heard of the noon time scene and had placed her name last so that if she failed to appear the program would not be disrupted.

To the astonishment of Miss Seers, the teacher, Dorthea presented her poem better than any of the others. She spoke clearly and distinctly with no trace of the singsong voice which had been her teacher's despair during the rehearsals. Julia Lee and her friends did not clap at the finish as they had done for the rest, until they heard loud applause coming from the back of the room. They turned to stare. There was Miss Martin, of all people, clapping and beaming until the rest of the audience had taken her cue. Then Dorthea, enviously watched by the sixth-grade girls, made another bow and took her seat.

Mr. Buck, the principal, silenced the audience by going to the front of the stage. Clearing his throat importantly, he said: "Ordinarily the program would be over, but I have several unexpected and interesting announcements to make. I only learned of them this noon."

The audience listened attentively as he continued, "Miss Mary Martin, who came as the honored guest of our excellent student, Dorthea Diana Jones, has kindly donated money with which to buy the permanent fixtures of a stove and refrigerator for our school lunchroom." Surprised clapping followed this announcement. Mrs. Davis, rising a bit from her seat, craned her head this way and that trying to find Miss Martin in the crowd.

"And," Mr. Buck raised his hand to keep the crowd still another moment, "Miss Martin has prepared a surprise for us in the lunchroom. I think she wants you to lead the way with her, Dorthea."

HOW important and dignified Dorthea felt with all eyes upon her as she and Miss Martin started up the aisle together. It was a curious procession of grownups and children that followed them. Dorthea opened the door to the lunchroom, and then her dignified air fell away before her natural, spontaneous excitement, for at the long tables were places set for everyone with big helpings of ice cream and cake just waiting to be eaten.

Mrs. Davis and Julia Lee hurried to sit by Miss Martin and Dorthea.

Then the most incredible thing happened. Just as she had whispered to the other girls, Julia Lee whispered to Dorthea: "Wouldn't you like to come to my birthday party next Saturday?" Dorthea knew now that the magic circle surrounding Julia Lee had opened to let her in.

Mrs. Davis had heard her daughter's invitation. She leaned close to Miss Martin, "I'm asking the mothers of the girls to Julia Lee's birthday party next Saturday afternoon, and I'd like to have you come with Dorthea." Miss Martin nodded her assent, while she thought to herself, "Looks like my life is going to be very gay from now on."

When the guests had gone, Dorthea stayed to help Miss Martin and Hattie clear the tables and put things away.

"Maybe, Miss Martin, you'll let me do something for you sometime. You've been so nice to me today." Dorthea's voice quavered perilously near tears.

"I'll tell you what you can do for me," Miss Martin returned with a smile, "You can let me keep on being your 'make-believe mother.'"

Impulsively, Dorthea put her strong, young arms about the frail, little lady. With that loving gesture, she transferred to Miss Martin all the love she had cherished for her unknown mother.

"I'll let you be my 'make-believe mother' forever," she murmured happily.

TO MY MOTHER

Roberta Bates

My mother's eyes are like the stars;
Since time began for me
Their light has filled my universe—
Shall fill eternity.

My mother's voice is all the music
Of the world caught in one song—
A song of roses in the rain,
A hymn of birds at dawn.

And like the soft deep shadows
That at close of day begin
To fold the world in deep content,
Her love has wrapped me in.

Helpful Aids To Reading

Vauna Smith Jacobsen

"Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; companions at night, in traveling, in the country."

—Cicero.

MODERN-DAY revelation gives divine guidance on reading:

"And set in order the churches, and study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues and people." (*Doctrine and Covenants* 90:15)

With compulsory education for children up to eighteen years of age, it is believed by many that all people in the United States read extensively. This is an erroneous idea. At least 25 per cent of our people will never do much reading. They have neither the ability nor the desire. "Tests of 3,000 subjects show that the reading ability of the average American just measures up to that of a normal sixth-grade boy."[1]

The term "reading" may be applied to two utterly different types of experience: first, skimming the daily paper and light fiction contained in periodicals; second, enjoyment and appreciation of books of real worth, books that have stood the test of time. Newspapers are read by nearly everyone, men reading them a little more extensively and carefully than women. Periodicals and magazines come next in popularity.[2] Periodicals have increased in volume 170 per cent since 1900,[3] and they are read by about 75 per cent of our people. Only 50 per cent of the reading public go to books for their reading enjoyment. It is to be regretted that this source of pleasure and information is so neglected. The most popular types of books read, listed in the order of their popularity, are as follows: fiction, personal hygiene, the next war, and administration of justice.[4]

Why do we read? Several motives may be stated. Most people feel a need to keep acquainted with current events. This, no doubt, accounts for the almost universal use of the newspaper. Books are our most complete and accurate source of specific information and are, therefore, used extensively by those who seek to advance in certain fields of work. Many more people, however, read books for sheer pleasure and relaxation than for any other reason. This is an honorable motive and needs no apology. One of the true tests of good literature is that it brings enjoyment.

Reading is a habit to be deliberately cultivated. By this means alone can a taste in literature be acquired. It is not the quantity—merely the

[1]John E. Lodge, "Do You Know How To Read," *Popular Science*, September, 1937.

[2]F. K. W. Drury and W. E. Simnett, *What Books Shall I Read*, p. 9.

[3]Lodge, Op. cit.

[4]Drury and Simnett, Op. cit.

number of pages read—that leads to an appreciation of the written word. The quality of the work and the effect that it has upon our lives should be the deciding factor in our choice of reading material. The good things we remember, the enrichment of our lives, and the inspiration to be better, make reading worth while. The plan for each day should include time for reading some good written work, just a few minutes will suffice if no more is available. After a period of a few months or a year, the amount accomplished will be a surprise.

The present trend of contemporary novels is for long stories. Hundreds and hundreds of words over hundreds of pages. *Gone with the Wind* is an excellent example of this. When we consider the number of persons who have found time to read this book, it appears obvious that the number of hours required for reading is not the reason for the limited amount of reading done by many people. Where there is sufficient interest, the time for reading will be found. Yet, lack of time is the primary excuse of those who do not read.

Abbe Ernest Dimnet in the *Art of Thinking*, says, "Do not read good books—life is too short for that. Only read the best. And of those only read what gives you the greatest pleasure. The busier you are the more severe your selection should be. But you have no time, you say. Are you sincere? No time? Examine your conscience and answer. Is there no time you can reclaim, not from your work, not from your exercise nor from your family or friends, but from pleasure that really does not give you much pleasure, from empty talk at the Club, from inferior plays, from doubtfully enjoyable week ends, or not very profitable trips? Do you know how to gather up fragments of time lest they perish? Do you realize the value of minutes? VERY BUSY PEOPLE ALWAYS FIND TIME FOR EVERYTHING. Conversely, people with immense leisure find time for nothing." Get the reading habit and capitalize on the wealth of the ages.

THERE is a technique of reading that should be mastered. This skill comes only with practice. In reading a line of print, the average reader's eyes jump from word to word instead of from group to group. He will halt from six to eight times in reading a ten-word sentence, though he ought to do it in three or four jumps. This causes undue eye strain and requires an excessive amount of energy. The practice of reading groups of words instead of individual words makes reading easier. Most people read too slowly. A sixth-grader reads about 200 words a minute, a high school student 295 words, and a college man 325. A very unusual eight-year-old boy read comprehendingly 2,000 words a minute. The normal adult averages somewhere between the sixth-grader and the high school student, but this speed can be increased with proper attention given to spacing and through making a conscious effort to read faster. Lip movers are handicapped because they read only as fast as they speak. We should force ourselves to read at a pace faster than is comfortable. Dr. Guy T. Buswell of the University of Chi-

cago, who made the tests which resulted in the above findings, says: "You're never learning when you're comfortable."[5]

Reading in bed upon retiring, an act indulged in by many, is not conducive to thoughtful reading. Material of a lighter nature may be enjoyed in this manner, but careful study and concentration should be attempted when the mind is clear and the body rested.

It is not necessary to read through every printed word. Adapt thoroughness of reading to the nature and purpose of that which is read. In Lord Bacon's *Of Studies* we read: "Read not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

THE responsibility of teaching children proper reading habits and a love for literature lies with the parents. Brigham Young called to mothers, saying, "Mothers, will you be missionaries? We will appoint you a mission to teach your children their duty; and instead of ruffles and fine dresses to adorn the body, teach them that which will adorn their minds." No greater help to mothers can be found than good books. William Frederick Bigelow has written this:

> "Could we give one gift to every child
> We should choose the love of books."

A child's first introduction to literature comes when his mother reads to him. The bedtime story hour, is a time of priceless wort *Aesop's Fables, Anderson's Fai Tales* and similar stories have lo been used by mothers to satisfy t desire for make-believe. When child receives his first reader, a desi to possess books is born. A wi mother plans to have interesting an appropriate books accessible. Th does not mean she buys them al Many libraries make it easy to ha good books with little or no expens

As the desires and experiences the child increase, the type of book he reads must change to meet hi needs. Many desires of the grow ing child may be met and man problems solved through the cha acters he meets and loves through his reading. The adolescent perio is an important period in the de velopment of the child. Great car and understanding must then b used in guiding him to choose th proper type of books. At this ag there is a tendency to break away from familiar paths and try the un known. A poor choice of reading matter at this age may have an un wholesome effect. Good stories o adventure, animals, Indians, and some mystery stories may aid par ents in overcoming some of the problems of this age.

SOME women have not had the opportunity in their youth to cultivate a taste for good literature. The very term "literature" may even frighten them away from a study of good books. Good literature may be enjoyed by young and old alike. Its message is universal. An earnest desire on the part of the reader is all that is needed to open up new fields of enjoyment. The price of books in first editions may make

[5] *Popular Science*, September, 1937.

their purchase prohibitive, but reprints of many choice books are always available at moderate prices.

No discussion of books and reading would be complete without a word on the *Bible*. Francis C. Stifler called it, "The Unread Best Seller." The fact that the *Bible* may be purchased in chain stores proves that it sells. The American Bible Society in a little over fifty years distributed over one hundred million *Bibles*. In the United States in 1939, it was published in eighty-two languages, while parts of it have appeared in 1,039 different tongues. The extent of its influence and its great value are difficult to measure. We know, however, that it is not read and enjoyed enough for its true worth and beauty. There is a true lack of knowledge as to how to read it. Professor R. G. Moulton's *Modern Readers' Bible* is so arranged as to make the reading easy and enjoyable. The *Bible* content is arranged into literary forms, such as poems, stories, songs, and so on. The customary reading of a few isolated sentences or verses each day does not lead to a true appreciation of the literary value of the book.

Two men were discussing this greatest of all books. The first complained, "I can't enjoy reading it. There are so many verses I do not understand." The second replied, "Forget those. The ones that bother me are the verses I do understand and cannot live, such as, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

There are three services which books may render in the home: they may be ornaments, tools, or friends. There is an air of distinction and true beauty in a well-filled case of attractively-bound books. But if their contents are never known, the greatest part of their value has been lost. Each home ought to have books to be used as tools, and the children should be taught how to use them. There should be at least an atlas, a dictionary and an encyclopedia. In these days when libraries are so accessible, the family can look to the library for many tools they may need. Perhaps the greatest use of good books is their use as friends. The time and extent of their visit is at the reader's command. They may be picked up or put away at will. Yet one can always find the advice, the understanding or inspiration he needs if he is familiar with the works of our great writers. No lover of books is ever alone. Pleasure obtained in this way increases as age comes upon us. From books we gain inspiration, companionship, an outlet for our pent emotions, forgetfulness from our sorrows, and we experience joy in the fulfillment of our unsatisfied desires.

Our greatest reward for good reading, according to the *Doctrine and Covenants* 130:18-19, will come hereafter. "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."

Some Literary Friends

Florence Ivins Hyde

No. VIII

Teaching Ideals

THERE is an old legend which tells of a mother praying by the cradle of her infant child, that it might be blessed with some special gift. She hears the voices of angels.

"I am Health!" says one. "Whomsoever I touch shall never know pain."

"I am Wealth!" another cried. "Whomsoever I touch shall never know want."

"I am Fame!" said a third. "Whomsoever I touch shall be remembered."

A fourth declared: "I am power! Whomsoever I touch shall have dominion."

"I am Wisdom!" said a fifth. "Whomsoever I touch shall have knowledge."

"I am Love!" cried the sixth. "Whomsoever I touch shall win the world's affection."

Then came the last of the angels, the voice of the seventh, "I am none of these. Whomsoever I touch shall have High Ideals!"

And the mother cried with outstretched arms, "You, with the High Ideals, touch my child."

Embodied in this ancient legend is the eternal truth that in the power to live by ideals lies salvation.

IDEALS are important, because they determine the type of life we live. If they are what they should be, through them we are able to resist temptation and gain mastery over ourselves. Some knowledge of the teaching of ideals is important to parents. Mr. W. W. Charters, Professor of Education at the University of Chicago, has written a book entitled, *The Teaching of Ideals*, which is extremely valuable to parents and teachers.

Professor Charters jumps right into the principles involved in the teaching of ideals. "An ideal will not grow," he says, "if a desire for it is not created. No one will become honest if he does not believe in honesty, nor industrious if he does not admire industry. Superficially, he may act like honest men but will not possess the ideal. We must *love* righteousness before we can become truly righteous."

Next, we must develop a plan of action. "The desire to be neat, etc., should be followed by a plan of applying the ideal to the situations of life. A boy may desire to be neat but not know exactly what to do until you tell him to hang up his trousers, or pick up his socks. Careless teachers merely say, 'Do better,' or 'Get to work,' but artistic teachers develop these procedures in great detail to a point where the children know what to do."

If we want to have children actually develop desirable traits rather than merely feel a desire to possess them, it is essential that we show them exactly how a trait is manifested in different situations; for example, after telling the story of the

gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh, ask, "What would he have done in a street car, or at the door of his home upon greeting a stranger?"

Another principle in developing ideals is that of practice. "The test is found in conduct, not in desires. For an ideal to be developed, it is necessary that it be carried over into behavior. To become a part of one's life, actions which express the ideal must be reduced to a habit." To develop love for one's neighbor, it is necessary to do something for one's neighbor. The thing we strive for is to *unconsciously* act in accordance with the ideal; for example, to be unconsciously neat or honest or courteous.

Concentrating upon the right procedure, it is possible to accomplish in a short time what might require a long period by letting nature take its course—just as Burbank with ten years of intensive culture developed variations in plants which would have taken 500 years if left to nature. "It is possible by intensive training to change in a comparatively short time a person's attitude from one of unfriendly criticism to one of friendliness, which could never be attained without guidance. Ambition can be intensively developed; accuracy can be improved by attention; initiative can be increased; and resourcefulness is one of the easiest traits to work upon.

"There is a limit, though, to trait development. An insensitive boor can never become as tactful as an intelligent gentleman. An easy-going person can not achieve vaulting ambition, nor can an impulsive person develop the good judgment and poise of a Socrates. But the germs of high ideals are found in most children. Develop them."

Mr. Charters disagrees with those who believe in "original sin." He contends that a child inherits more good than bad tendencies, and we must make environment serve our ends. There is always something unattainable about ideals, but we can attain them to a great enough degree to make them of infinite value, for upon them depends largely our behavior, and our behavior is one of the most important things in the world to us.

We must remember this principle: character grows only through conduct and action. Moral instruction is largely wasted unless it is applied to our own problems. This is often difficult to do. Talks about the virtues are useful in creating desires, but to say to a child, "Be polite," is useless unless you show him that being polite involves such things as arising from his chair when a guest enters the room or offering his seat to a lady or older person. A child must deal properly with numerous cases of politeness before he becomes polite. This can not be done hurriedly. Only by "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little, there a little" can right behavior be developed.

Literature and history offer a storehouse for the building of ideals. Such terms as courtesy, neatness, thrift, are abstract terms, too general to be understood by children unless followed by assignments they are able to carry out; for example, the story of the "Prodigal Son" has, in my opinion, a wealth of material for a lesson in thrift. The Prodigal

wasted his money, as well as his life, while away from home. To be sure, he was feted by his father because of the joy he felt at his return, but his money was gone. He must begin all over again. It would take a long time to catch up with his brother.

A proper time to tell this story is when a child is tempted, as he so often is, to spend his money for some foolish thing. After the story, be sure that he puts at least some of his earnings in the savings bank. Unless he does that, the story has lost much of its value.

IT is natural for all of us to repeat an action from which we get satisfaction and to avoid the things that bring annoyance. Mr. Charters says, "To induce children to learn, we must reward them; to induce them to discard an activity, we must penalize them. . . . Rewards may be material or spiritual. Material rewards do not always follow a good action. Frequently a man sacrifices wealth for a quiet conscience or the approval of friends. Some satisfaction is immediate and some is future. Boys and girls work their way through school because they have pictures of future success. These future satisfactions are of tremendous power. . . . "Seldom do we experience pure satisfaction or pure discomfort. . . . There is always a mixture of pleasure and pain."

In speaking of the ideal of honesty, Mr. Charters says, "The reputation that a man's word is as good as his bond may cause him to forego wealth and the happiness which comes from its possession. To many men, there comes a tragic moment when they have to choose between making a fortune questionably or losing it by remaining honest. When they decide to be honest, they do not experience pure pleasure. They think of what they might have had and regret the spiritual necessity for their choice.

"A high school coach once failed to create sentiment in the student body against the boys smoking during training season. He finally said he would remove from the team any boy who smoked, making his plea to the boys on the basis of loyalty to the school. Before the game, he caught the star halfback smoking. A real problem arose. Without him, the game was lost. But he must keep his promise or lose his prestige as coach of the champion team and have the hostility of the students. He removed the boy and lost the game, but the next year the team did not smoke."

It is important that we develop high ideals of a spiritual nature. Without them, people will inevitably follow the path of least resistance. In spite of the beauty of life, if we face it honestly we realize that it brings unhappiness that few people are able to surmount without help. Religious ideals solve this problem most effectively. Religion offers us the channel of prayer, which is vital in the problem of living up to ideals. Another modern writer, Miss Harkness, Professor of Biology in Elmira College, says of prayer:

"It is the process by which ideals are enabled to become operative in our lives. It does not impart ideas, but it clears the way to straight thinking. It will not enable one to pass examinations by giving knowledge to the lazy, but it will enable

one to think clearly about the knowledge acquired. It will strengthen one's moral reserves under temptation. If prayer can thus clarify and motivate ideals, it does the most important thing that could be done."

The question may arise, "How may we know whether ideals are right?" Gangsters often live up to their ideals. The author says the determining factor must be that that thing is right which brings the most good to *all* people. Miss Harkness says, too, "In most issues, the principle of what is good for the majority, together with judgment of consequences, will make the way clear for moral living." She further says that all epochs in history in which faith prevails, whatever its form, are noble, soul-elevating and fruitful for the present and for after times; while all epochs in which unbelief wins an unhappy victory, vanish and are forgotten by posterity.

I believe that the old-fashioned custom of repeating sentiments has a definite place in the teaching of ideals. Even though they are not always lived up to, they have their influence upon our behavior; for example, such sentiments as the following:

"Strength of will is the test of a young man's possibilities. It is the long, steady pull, the unconquerable purpose, the unbroken effort, that win the battle of life." —*Marsden.*

"A man should never be ashamed to own he has been wrong—which is but saying in other words that he is wiser today than he was yesterday."—*Pope.*

"Knowledge is the golden ladder by which we climb to Heaven."—*The Mother of Michael Pupin.*

"You are richer today than yesterday if you have laughed often."—*Plato.*

"Each day we must exercise the mind as each day we must exercise the body." —*Plato.*

"If the world smiles not on you and me the fault is ours."—*Mother of Martin Luther.*

"An injurious truth has no merit over an injurious lie. Neither should ever be uttered."—*Mark Twain.*

"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience."—*George Washington.*

"You cannot prevent the birds of sorrow from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair."—*Chinese Proverb.*

"And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

Quotations from The Teaching of Ideals, by W. W. Charters, used by permission of Macmillan Publishing Company.

OUR HOME

Althea Kimball

I love our little home by these tall trees,
The flowers near the door, the soothing breeze.

And with our children happy playing here
I could almost believe this Heaven dear.

And then at night when cool darkness falls
I like to feel the safety of these walls.

You Know How Boys Are

Olive W. Burt

THE beautifully-dressed, kind-looking visitor paused for a moment beside Stevie's desk, and tenderness flooded her face in answer to the pleading in the little boy's eyes. The visitor turned to Teacher and spoke softly.

Janet's heart stood still, absolutely still, for a moment. Then, as Janet had known she would, the visitor looked across the room at the little girl, said something more to Teacher, and walked slowly to the door. As she opened it, she looked back at Stevie's bright head and pleading eyes.

Janet felt the sting of tears on her lids, and she wanted to lay her head on her geography book and cry. She didn't have to look at her brother to know how his swaggering shoulders had drooped, how his soft lips were twisted in an effort to keep from quivering. He knew, as well as Janet did, what had happened. But the lady had looked so kind, so understanding. Janet had almost hoped the little scene would have a different ending this time.

Teacher came back into the room, and Janet noticed that even she looked sad. She spoke brightly enough, but as she passed Stevie her hand patted his shoulder ever so gently, and the lump in Janet's throat grew bigger still. She was afraid she couldn't get through the lesson, but she bent her eyes on the page and read with determination, "The Missouri River. . . ."

Outside the schoolroom where the primary-grade children of the Home sat studying, the sun was shining with the clear, bright splendor of April. Leaves were coming out on the trees, and birds were twittering here and there. Summer, Janet knew, was definitely on the way. It would be here before long—and there seemed no hope that she could get Stevie out of the Home before then.

All last summer, when the little boy had been so restless, she had put him off with promises that winter was the best time to get a new home . . . and that they probably would be lucky around about Christmas.

"Folks that don't have any kids get thinking about it at Christmas," she explained. "You wait and see. When they start getting ready for Christmas, they'll want some kids in their house, and that's when we'll get a real home of our own. Just wait and see!"

And they had waited through the long, hot months, contenting themselves with the brief outings afforded by service clubs and the one exciting week at camp given by some wealthy benefactor to all the children in the Home.

Then, as Christmas had drawn near, Janet had begun making plans, definite plans for their change to a home of their own. She had taught her brother all the little extra things she could think of, things that would make the folks happier and more satisfied with their bargain. For if once they got into a home, Janet meant that they should stay there, if any effort on her part could assure this.

But one by one the visitors had come, had chosen this child or that, and had left Janet and Stevie. So in the end they had gone, with the few others left in the Home, to a big tree in the dining hall. Some school children had brought them gifts and had sung carols for them, and Stevie had cried himself to sleep, while Janet had had no heart to comfort him.

Janet didn't blame those nice people. Many of them had wanted Stevie, big as he was. Of course, they all wanted babies if they could get them, the smaller, the better. But when there were no more babies, they'd take children, the smallest first. But, even though Stevie was five and a big boy, they all wanted him. They would stop beside his desk, and he would raise his bright, curly head and smile, and they would turn to Teacher.

Then Teacher had to tell them of Janet. Mummy had made them promise not to send one away without the other. She hadn't known what it would mean, she had just wanted to keep them together, always.

So the visitors would be told of Janet, and they would look across at the homely ten-year-old and turn away—what was the fun of making Christmas for a child like that? Janet knew exactly how they felt because once, coming along the hall, she had heard one of them trying to get Miss Thomas, the superintendent, to let her have Stevie only.

Janet had thought, after that, that she would tell Miss Thomas to let Stevie go—there was no use in keeping him from a good time just because no one wanted her. But she knew that the little boy would not enjoy one minute of the holiday or one bite of the dinner without his sister. The thought of letting him go away from her permanently never entered her head.

But now it was coming summer, and Stevie would be cooped up in the city again all through the long, hot days and the longer, hotter nights. She couldn't keep him happy with promises this year. She couldn't.

JANET blinked the tears from her eyes as Teacher rapped for attention. It was Current Events class, and each child must read some item he had clipped from the newspapers reserved for that purpose.

Janet rummaged through her desk until she found her clipping—an exciting item about the "Quints," whom she adored. She let her eyes rest upon the familiar text, which she had practically memorized for the class, and thought about Stevie and herself.

It was funny about them. They looked a lot alike, both red-headed and freckled. Her hair was just a shade or two lighter than her brother's, just a shade or two—but that made all the difference. And her freckles. . . . Folks liked freckles on a little boy, but they hated them on a girl.

The tears came again, and to keep them back, Janet turned the clipping over and began to read the other side. Suddenly she was really reading it.

It seemed to be a letter, for it began:

"Dear Sunshine Lady.

"I am coming to you with my problem because you have helped so many, many people. My little girl, three years old, flies into the most terrible tantrums every

time she cannot have her own way. Can you tell me what to do with her?"

There was some more about the little girl, and then, printed plain and clear was an answer. It was a sensible answer, Janet thought, but one she wouldn't have figured out for herself. It was given in a friendly tone, and Janet felt at once as if she knew this Sunshine Lady.

She had never seen anything like this in the newspaper before, and she wondered whether anyone could write and get an answer from the Sunshine Lady.

As soon as Library period came, Janet hurried to the newspaper rack and took down the *Morning Star*. She turned the pages eagerly, and at last came upon the "Sunshine Corner." She read every word and found that anyone could write and ask any kind of question, and the Sunshine Lady would answer it. Her advice seemed so sensible, so friendly, that Janet was filled with wonder. If the Sunshine Lady could answer all of these questions, solve all these problems, perhaps she could help a worried little girl, too.

Slowly Janet's plan took shape. Determined to waste no time, the little girl set to work to put it into effect.

She had some stationery that had been given to her at Christmas. She had never had to use any of it, but she knew what it was for. The next morning, she slyly brought to the study room some of the paper and an envelope, and at study time, using her clipping as a guide, she wrote her letter.

She started it exactly as the mother had done:

"Dear Sunshine Lady,

"I am coming to you with my problem because you have helped so many, many people."

After she had written that much, the rest came easy, and she wrote as she had never written before, pouring out her troubles to the sympathetic helper who waited, somewhere, to answer her.

"You know how boys are," she wrote. "They have to have a yard to play in and a dog, and they have to whistle and make a noise like an airplane. They don't need so many clothes in the summer. They like to wear trunks most of the time, especially if they live near the seashore. Girls can get along in a Home all right, but with boys it's different."

Then she explained how she must find someone who would take her along with Stevie:

"I can work like everything, so I wouldn't be much trouble. I can even make beds like they do in hospitals."

The letter took four whole pages, written on both sides, but at last it was done and folded and stuffed into the envelope. Janet gave her lessons no thought as the end of the study period sounded. She was wondering where she could get a stamp to mail the letter.

Janet knew, though she didn't know where she had learned it, that every letter must have a stamp on it. She was sure she could ask Teacher for one, but then she would have to explain about the letter, and Teacher might even want to read it. Janet didn't want that. She didn't want to have anyone know about it until she had seen an answer in the "Sunshine Corner."

But then, as if in answer to her need, Teacher, at her deck, slit open an envelope and tossed it into the

wastebasket as she read the letter it had contained. Janet's eyes, alert as a squirrel's, saw that the discarded envelope bore a stamp, and that the stamp seemed to be perfectly new.

Janet watched for a chance to get that envelope, and before the day was over she had found a moment when she could slip it from the wastebasket into her copy book. She felt a little bit guilty as she thought about it. But then, she thought, Teacher had thrown the envelope away. She was sure she would have said yes, if Janet had asked for it.

That night Janet carefully examined the envelope and found that, as she had thought, the stamp was almost new. There was a little black mark across it, but it wasn't all blotted and blurred like so many old stamps. She felt sure it would carry her letter to the newspaper office.

Very, very carefully she prized the stamp from the envelope. Then, with a little dab of glue, she fastened it in the proper corner, addressed her letter to the Sunshine Lady of the *Morning Star*, and considered her next step.

She felt she was right in keeping her letter a secret. Not that Teacher or Miss Thomas would scold her, but they might think she didn't like the Home; they might feel bad to think she wanted to leave them—and the whole staff adored Stevie and might not want to let him go.

Then, too, nothing might come of it. Maybe the Sunshine Lady couldn't answer questions about orphans. But Janet thought she couldn't bear it not to try, now.

She decided at last to slip the envelope in the pile of letters that always waited in the front hall for the postman to pick up. It was the only way she could think of to get the letter into the postman's hands. If it were only summer, she thought, she could meet him in the yard. He often stopped to joke with the children when they were playing. But then, if it were summer, it would be too late.

EARLY the next morning, Janet slipped stealthily into the front hall and placed her letter among those found there. Then she slipped along the corridor to the classroom and faced the difficult task of waiting for the next day's paper to come.

Janet was ashamed that Teacher had to speak sharply to her several times that day. She just couldn't keep her thoughts on her lessons. She kept wondering what the Sunshine Lady would think when she opened the letter. She must be a beautiful woman, Janet thought, with hair like the sunshine and eyes like summer skies. Thoughts like these made her forget geography dates and places; made her forget to turn the page in reading class; made her forget how to spell the simplest words.

As soon as study hour came, Janet rushed to the library and began to search through the columns of the *Morning Star*. There was the Sunshine Lady's corner, all right. But, though she had answered a number of queries, Janet's was not among them. Janet went back to her seat thinking, "Of course, not today. She maybe wouldn't get it till today. But tomorrow!"

But tomorrow there was still no answer in the Sunshine Lady's column, nor was there the next day.

Then, just after study period was over, Connie, who answered the door and carried messages from the office to the teachers and helped dress the children, came into the room and spoke to Teacher, looking at Janet as she whispered.

Suddenly Janet was afraid. She didn't know why. But the purloining of the envelope, the secretiveness of her actions, the worry of the past few days all lumped together in her mind to form a spectre of disaster.

Teacher spoke softly: "Janet, you are wanted in the office!"

The office! That was terrible! Only very, very naughty children were sent to the office—or those who were being called for by some relative or someone who wanted to see about adopting them. Janet knew it wasn't either of the last two. . . .

She followed Connie down the long hall, slowly, taking each step deliberately. Her throat was throbbing. Well, if Miss Thomas had seen the letter, if anything had happened, she would take the consequences. She had only been trying to find out what to do for the sake of Stevie. Boys were different. . . .

Connie knocked on the door, and when Miss Thomas said, "Come in," she opened it and pushed Janet into the room. Janet looked at Miss Thomas and thought, "She doesn't look cross. She looks especially kind."

"Janet," said the superintendent, "here is a gentleman to see you. He is Mr. Knowlton of the post-office department."

Janet turned toward the man, a quiet, elderly person in a gray suit.

He held her letter and its envelope in his hand.

"Come here, Janet," he said kindly.

She stepped closer to him.

"Did you write this letter?" he asked, holding out the folded, bulky pages.

Janet nodded, wondering. "Yes, sir," her lips formed the words mechanically.

"And did you put it in this envelope and put this stamp on it?" and he held out the envelope with the stamp neatly pasted in the corner.

Again Janet nodded. She knew she should answer as she had been taught, but her voice wouldn't come at all. It was the stamp, then. Stealing from the wastebasket was as bad as stealing from a purse. . . .

"Where did you get the stamp?" the man went on.

Janet made her eyes look straight into the gray ones.

"From Teacher's wastebasket."

Mr. Knowlton smiled suddenly, reassuringly.

"Don't be afraid, Janet," he said. "I am not going to hurt you. I am just trying to find out about the stamp. Did you know it had been used before?"

"Yes, sir. That is why I took it. I wouldn't have taken a *new* stamp. Miss Thomas knows I wouldn't. But Teacher threw this into the wastebasket, and I needed a stamp so bad . . . . . It was just as good as new, though," she added, hoping he would understand.

The man put his arm about her and drew her closer.

"Didn't you know that you must

never use an old stamp on a letter?" he asked.

Janet shook her head. "It was just like new," she repeated.

"But that isn't the point," the man said graciously. "Do you know why you put stamps on letters?"

Janet shook her head. Mr. Knowlton looked up at Miss Thomas, his eyes asking a question.

The superintendent said, "I don't suppose the child does. She is only ten, and she has had, unfortunately, few reasons to write letters. I imagine that we have stamped the one or two thank-you notes she has sent to benefactors, and we have never thought to explain it to her."

Mr. Knowlton nodded. "I see," he said.

Then he turned to Janet again.

"It's this way, Janet," he explained, "Our Government, Uncle Sam as we call it sometimes, delivers all the letters that go from place to place in the United States. The Government carries them, protects them, delivers them. A long time ago, private men did this work and charged what they thought it was worth—sometimes two or three dollars for one letter. But the Government found that it could do the job for just a few cents a letter, and this would save everyone money and make it easier and safer to write to each other."

Janet was listening with her whole mind. The man's voice was so low and quiet that she felt almost as if she were reading some pleasant book.

"Now in order to collect this money," Mr. Knowlton went on, "Uncle Sam has each person who mails a letter buy a stamp. He gets the money, and this pays him for his work. But if a person uses the same stamp twice, you can see that Uncle Sam doesn't get paid for delivering the second letter. He is cheated out of the few pennies he charges."

Janet's lip quivered.

"I know you didn't mean to cheat Uncle Sam," Mr. Knowlton added quickly. "It was just a mistake, and I'll explain it to him—so everything will be all right. Now do you want to put a new stamp on the letter and have us deliver it for you?"

Janet shook her head sorrowfully.

"I haven't a new stamp," she said.

Miss Thomas opened a drawer and took out a stamp.

"Here is one, Janet," she said. "I would gladly have given you a stamp had you asked me for one. Don't you know that?"

"Yes, Miss Thomas," answered Janet. Then, "But I . . . ." She hated to say, "I didn't want you to see the letter." She hoped the superintendent wouldn't ask to see it. And she didn't. She handed the stamp to Janet. Mr. Knowlton removed the old stamp, and Janet put the new one in its place.

"Shall I drop the letter into the mail box for you?" he asked kindly.

Janet looked toward Miss Thomas. She had rather lost interest in the letter. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea after all. But Miss Thomas nodded her head.

"If it is important, that would be the quickest way to send it," she said.

So Janet nodded, dumbly, to Mr. Knowlton. She wondered whether Miss Thomas knew what was in the letter. Maybe she had read it before Janet came in. Well . . . .

"You may go to your class, now, Janet. And you won't forget what Mr. Knowlton has told you, will you?"

Janet shook her head. Her tongue seemed thick and dry in her mouth, so words wouldn't come out. She walked slowly out of the room and down the hall.

THAT afternoon at play period she did not feel like running and playing with the rest of the children. She was worried. She didn't know why. She sat over in one corner of the playground, close to the fence, and let the warm spring sunshine beat down upon her. Maybe, maybe it was all right.

Stevie came up to his sister.

"Wassa matter, Janet?" he asked. "Come and play Green Light with us."

Janet shook her head.

"I'm thinking, Stevie," she explained. "Thinking" had always been a good excuse for sitting still and not playing. "You go play. I'll watch."

She crouched back under the lilac bush. The little leaves were just beginning to show at the tips of the brown buds. She loved the lilac tree at any time of the year, but right now she thought it was, perhaps, loveliest of all, with the slender brown branches knobbed with the green-tipped buds.

"Hello, there!" A jolly voice roused her, and she looked up, startled.

Over the fence was leaning a freckled-faced, smiling young man.

"Can you show me which one of the kids is Janet?" he asked amiably.

Janet waited, very still. She wondered whether she ought to own up who she was. What would the superintendent think? There had been too much excitement for one day.

But as she watched the young man, she saw a strange light come into his laughing eyes, and she knew he recognized her. Janet had no idea how he had guessed.

"So you're the young lady herself!" he cried gaily. "Well, if this isn't a bit of luck! And you're sitting here all by yourself?" He vaulted over the fence and sat down by her.

"Why aren't you playing with the other kids?"

"I was thinking," whispered Janet.

"Thinking about that swell home you're going to get?"

So it was her letter again.

"You know, that is just what I was thinking about, too," the pleasant voice went on.

"You?" Janet's lips formed the word incredulously. "How did you know?"

"Very simply," he answered. "You see, I know Mr. Knowlton. And I know the Sunshine Lady. In fact, I work for the same paper she does. My desk is just across the room from hers. Well, I was in Mr. Knowlton's office this morning when he came back from seeing you. He told me about you and the . . . er . . . stamp."

Janet wondered what he thought of her, and dropped her eyes so that she couldn't read the answer in his own. But he laughed gaily.

"That's a mistake we all make when we start writing letters," he said. "I remember the first time I wrote to Santa Claus. I did exactly the same thing. But they were expecting it at Christmas time, so they didn't even bother to check up on it. You just surprised them a bit, your letter coming along in the spring like this. I suppose though," he added seriously, "they were pretty certain

it was just a mistake, right from the first. But they have to check up, to be sure."

Janet felt better and looked up at the young man again.

He went on, "When I got back to the office, I asked the Sunshine Lady if she had your letter. It came in with the one o'clock mail, and she showed it to me. She is going to answer it tomorrow morning, but she thought it would be a mighy good plan to have a picture of you to go along with the letter, so folks would kind of feel acquainted with you, you know."

Janet drew back and flung her arm up over her freckled face.

"Not me!" she cried, "not a picture of me! That would spoil the whole thing. But Stevie . . . if you had a picture of *him!*"

The young man considered.

"I see your point," he agreed. "Folks do like little boys, don't they? But some folks like little girls better still. Say, how would it be if I took both of you together?"

Janet shook her head.

"Not me. I don't want my picture taken."

"Gosh, this is going to be tough on me. What shall I tell the Sunshine Lady when I get back? She is going to be mighty disappointed."

Janet thought a minute.

"Does the Sunshine Lady want it very bad?" she asked.

"Does she? Why, she has set her heart upon it. In fact, I think she has already written her story for the paper, and she'll have to do it all over again if she doesn't have that picture."

Janet asked timidly, "Is the Sunshine Lady nice?"

"Oh, definitely!" smiled the young man. "She looks just like her name."

"Well, then . . . ." sighed Janet. "Well, then. . . ."

"Is Stevie handy?" asked the young man, not waiting for Janet to say more.

"Stevie!" Janet sounded the clarion call that always brought the little fellow running.

He came panting up to his sister's side. A group of children, turning at Janet's cry and seeing the young man, came trooping behind Stevie.

Janet put her arms around her brother.

"This man wants to take our pictures for the Sunshine Lady," she said.

Stevie favored the young man with one of his charming smiles, and the others crowded closer.

Suddenly the camera clicked, and Janet knew that the ordeal was over.

"That was easy, wasn't it?" grinned the young man.

"Take our pictures, too!" cried the others, so the obliging young man gathered them all into a nice group and took their pictures, too. Then, just as the bell sounded to call them back into the building, he vaulted over the fence again and was away with a wave of his hand.

JANET thought she had better tell Teacher what had happened, but there was no need. The children went chattering into their room. They gathered around their teacher crying, "We had our pictures taken! We had our pictures taken!"

It all came out, then, and Janet could see that Teacher was worried. She got the children busy at their tasks and then left the room.

When she returned, she said nothing about the pictures, but went on with the work. Janet wondered what had happened, but it was too late to change it now—unless the superintendent telephoned to the Sunshine Lady. That would end it all. That would be too bad.

Janet went to bed, worrying about tomorrow. But at last she fell asleep so deeply that she was unprepared for the brightness of the sun when she awoke the next morning.

She didn't have time even to slip out of bed before the superintendent entered the dormitory. She came and sat on the edge of Janet's cot. She held the morning newspaper in her hand.

"Look, Janet," she said gently.

Janet looked. There on the page held toward her was the picture of her and Stevie. She looked rather wide-eyed and serious, almost ready to cry, she thought. Her freckles didn't show very much, and she really looked kind of pretty. But Stevie! My, he was cute, smiling and dimpled and his freckles shining out from the page. Janet wanted to kiss him as he stood there in the picture, in the shelter of his sister's arm.

"It's a lovely picture, isn't it?" smiled the superintendent.

Janet nodded. She couldn't speak.

"Shall I read you what the Sunshine Lady says?" Miss Thomas asked.

Then she read the story, which told of Janet's trouble in getting her letter mailed to the Sunshine Lady, and then, printed nice and wide and in black letters so it was easy to read, was Janet's letter, exactly as she had written it.

"I am going to let that letter speak for itself," the Sunshine Lady wrote after the letter, "Can it be possible that in this city there is no heart generous enough to answer it?"

"Do you know, Janet, this letter of yours is going to get you a fine home, I am sure. Already this morning I have had half a dozen phone calls about you—people who want to take both you and Stevie into their hearts. Of course, they must come here and talk to you, and you don't have to go with anyone till you find the right one, but I am sure that among the nice people that have called there will be someone who has just the kind of home you want for Stevie."

"Now," she put on a business-like air, "you'd better get up and get dressed. Have Connie comb your hair prettily and put a ribbon on it. You won't need to go to the schoolroom today, because it will interrupt the work to keep calling you out. Go to the playroom instead, or to the library, and I'll send for you when I think it is necessary."

At the door she stopped and came back and put her arms around Janet.

"You're a sweet child," she said tenderly, "we are all going to miss you—and Stevie. But little girls must have homes. . . ."

"Oh," Janet felt a sudden pang of anguish. They *had* been good to her. "Oh, it isn't me so much. I like it here, really I do. But Stevie needs to get out in the country. . . ."

Miss Thomas smiled and kissed Janet.

"It's all right," she said, and left the room quickly.

JANET had never spent such an exciting day in her whole life. Every little while Miss Thomas would send for her, and she would go down to the parlor and there would be a nice man and woman, and they would ask Janet to go home with them and be their little girl. And they wanted Stevie, too.

Janet was too bewildered to think, and Miss Thomas told her not to try to think today, but just to wait.

Toward the middle of the forenoon, Janet opened the parlor door to find the smiling young man who had taken her picture and a lovely, lovely lady with golden hair. She caught her breath.

"The Sunshine Lady!" she whispered.

The Sunshine Lady bent down and put her arms about Janet.

"How's it going, Janet," she asked. "Are nice people coming? Do you think you will find a good home for you and Stevie?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Janet. She drew in deep breaths, the better to smell the sweetness of the glorious creature. "Oh, yes. They are all nice, very nice. But there have been so many—."

"Take your time, kid," grinned the young man. "You've got 'em coming, so be choosy!"

"Have Mr. and Mrs. Allen—Robert Allen—been in yet?" the Sunshine Lady asked Miss Thomas over Janet's head.

"Not today," Miss Thomas answered in surprise. "Mrs. Allen was in a few days ago, but not today."

"She called me early this morning," the Sunshine Lady explained, "even before I was out of bed. She'd seen the paper and remembered seeing Stevie and Janet when she was here. She said she would be in first thing this morning, just as soon as her husband returned from Green City. I thought she might have come before now."

After some more talking and joking, the two left, but not before the Sunshine Lady had promised, "We're going to be great friends, Janet. I'll see you often, no matter where you go."

Janet went back to the library. She felt very happy, and it seemed as if the floor under her feet had suddenly become a floor of rubber balloons, so light she felt as she ran along the corridor. She hadn't even begun to read a story when she was called back into the parlor. She went eagerly. Somehow, she felt sure this was to be the right one.

And it was! There in the parlor was the kind-looking, beautifully-dressed woman whose visit a few days earlier had started the whole affair. With her was a man, who, somehow, looked almost as boyish as Stevie.

Miss Thomas introduced Janet to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Allen. Janet smiled shyly.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"You know, Janet?" queried the woman with interest. "But how?"

"I saw you when you were in the schoolroom. I was praying that you'd take us."

"You dear child!" The woman knelt beside Janet as the Sunshine Lady had done.

"How callous and unseeing grown-ups are," she said. "Can you forgive me, and would you really like to live with us?"

"Oh, yes!" Janet didn't have to try to make this sound convincing.

"How can you tell?"

Janet looked into the kind eyes. "I can tell," was all she could say.

The man knelt down, too.

"Do you think Stevie will like us, too?"

"Of course," smiled Janet.

"Then it's all settled, as easy as that?" asked the man, turning to Miss Thomas.

Miss Thomas smiled. "As easy as that!" she said. Then she added, "I explained everything to Mrs. Allen when she was here the other day. There are some formalities, but they won't take long. Do you want to take the children now or come back for them?"

"Oh, let's take them now. We've been slow enough about this business already. Just think, we might have lost them entirely!"

So Stevie was brought, and the good news was told to him. He accepted it with a shy smile. He had known that they'd get a home some time.

The two children gathered their possessions and by the time they had told everyone goodbye and were ready to leave, Mr. and Mrs. Allen were ready, too. Janet and Stevie were very quiet as they climbed into the big sedan at the side door.

Mr. Allen said, "Do you want to sit up here in front with me, Stevie? We'll let the womenfolk have the back seat to gossip in."

As the car rolled along the highway in the bright April sunshine, Janet looked back at the Home. She didn't know whether it was tears in her eyes or whether the sun had suddenly gone behind a cloud, but everything looked dim and wavering.

Stevie and Mr. Allen were talking dogs and baseball in an intimate way. They seemed to have forgotten the other two, and Janet felt a twinge of loneliness.

A friendly arm went about her and drew her close.

"I'm mighty glad I've got you," whispered a tender voice, "otherwise, I'd be left quite alone, it seems."

Janet smiled tremulously.

"Oh," she apologized for Stevie, "he doesn't mean anything. You know how boys are!"

"Yes, I know," laughed the woman, "but girls . . . well, they're different, aren't they? We're going to have a job taking care of those two, Janet." And she bent and kissed the top of Janet's head.

The sunshine was shining again. From a turn on the hill road, Janet looked back. The Home was smiling in the sun.

"THEREFORE, whatsoever ye shall do, ye shall do it in my name; therefore ye shall call the Church in my name; and ye shall call upon the Father in my name that he will bless the Church for my sake.

"And how be it my Church save it be called in my name? For if a Church be called in Moses' name then it be Moses' Church; or if be called in the name of a man then it be the Church of a man; but if it be called in my name then it is my Church, if it so be that they are built upon my gospel.

"And if it so be that the Church is built upon my gospel then will the Father show forth his own works in it." (*Book of Mormon*, III Nephi 27:7, 8, 10.)

Why Adults Should Drink Milk

Today pure milk is conceded by everyone to be an ideal food for infants and growing children. Unfortunately, drinking milk is often looked upon as something for children and invalids, and the milk-drinking adult is looked upon with derision and raised eyebrows.

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Every heavyweight champion of the last ten years has used milk and dairy products freely, and these are prominent on the training table for college athletes.

Nowadays the workman's dinner pail includes a bottle of milk because working men find it gives strength and steadier nerves.

An official of a large commercial organization found that the efficiency of his office force could be improved at least 25 per cent by giving them a glass of milk at 3:30 each day. The fatigue which sets in about that time is postponed by drinking milk.

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